

Sports Illustrated

MAY 29, 1961

22 CENTS

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Next week

The U.S. college track season, which has already produced three world records, may be the best yet. From Madison, Calif. and New York City: reports on the year's top performers.

Two kestrels—sparrow hawks—nested in the attic of William O'Halloran's big old house in Hollywood. His story of these splendid birds is a quiet masterpiece of nature writing.

Richard Meek, aboard the 72-foot yawl *Exocet*, presents a study in color of the extraordinary season, the excitement and the calm beauty that are all inherent in ocean racing.



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SCORECARD

BAD IDEA IN MEMPHIS

Last week's refusal by the sponsors of the Memphis Open golf tournament to release Arnold Palmer, Gary Player and Stan Leonard for participation in the 34-nation Canada Cup matches is selfish and obtuse. The Professional Golfers' Association tournament committee has backed up Memphis by threatening that if any of the three skips Memphis without a release and plays in the Canada Cup he will be fined \$500 and suspended for six months.

Probably the soundest statement on the whole affair came from Loren Tibbals, the chairman of last year's PGA Championship and tournament director for this year's American Golf Classic in Akron. "Memphis," said Tibbals, "has a problem in staging its tournament without Palmer, Player and Leonard, but it seems to me that the international Canada Cup matches in Puerto Rico are of far greater importance than just another weekend tournament." We agree.

PEACE PLAY

President Kennedy's Peace Corps will have plenty of muscle for its job. Those who have already volunteered to help the underdeveloped are highly developed in physical training. IBM machines recently processed 4,000 application forms, and a partial breakdown discloses that 1,928 checked swimming as the sport in which they participated; 1,373 said camping; 792 hunting; 711 football; 574 track; 363 mountain climbing.

Final selection of the first Peace Corps cadres will not begin until mid-June, with more testing and training to follow before they take off for foreign places. After they do get going, however, the cold war may be won on the playing fields of Tanganyika and Colombia, with the Peace Corps teaching the natives not only how to rotate crops and control trachoma, but also how to play baseball and basketball.

LOVE AMONG THE VEGETARIANS

A year ago some money-mad square in New Jersey filed a breakaway bottle with

a bubbly, nonstaining chemical and sold it to the people for boat christenings. To hell with him. Since then someone else has put the whole of *The Great Gatsby* on an LP record sequence.

Well, there is no use getting too morose about these things, because they are gauged for the adult mind, i.e., one that has already atrophied. However, something should be said about the latest beach toy for children. This is a set of plastic castle molds. When the little boy arrives at the beach he fills the mold with wet sand and then goes *blatney* with it upside down and he has himself a castle.

It would be better to drown the child than to see him start off like this, grow up on a diet of reclaimed algae, marry a fiber-glass girl and grow old listening to *The Great Gatsby* on hi-fi.

GO THERE

The latest golf story comes from London, and involves Nubar Gulbenkian, 64, son of the late Calouste Gulbenkian who, in his day, was the world's richest man. Nubar possesses a flowing beard, a reputation for eccentricity and a million dollars of his own. He went into a sports shop the other day to buy golf balls, and explained to the clerk that he wanted them initialed because he lost so many. While writing the order the clerk casually inquired what his customer's handicap was.

"Old age and drink," replied Gulbenkian.

DOWN WITH THE BIG B

On or about June 10 in Toronto the National Association of State Racing Commissioners will make a decision that may go any one of three ways: Butazolidin yes; Butazolidin no; Butazolidin let's wait and see.

Butazolidin, of course, is the controversial analgesic (some call it dope) that alleviates stiffness and soreness in horses and allows the infirm to run. Four states—Kentucky, Illinois, Florida and Maryland—currently allow the use of Butazolidin, and a fifth, New Jersey, says

that it does not allow its use but quietly tells trainers, "We aren't testing for it."

Recently a runner at Aqueduct race track in New York ran "on" Butazolidin and it showed up in his urine sample. The next day two papers headlined, *racers 3rd and 4th* *intoxicated* and *won* *Jan* *Boerno* *at 'A'*. The people who are currently running America's race tracks do not know themselves whether a horse running on Butazolidin is being helped or harmed, and they are taking too long to find out. We feel that Butazolidin may be fine in the barn in midweek, but should be ruled off the course.

STOP PRESS

A sportswriter for the *Winnipeg-Salem Journal* picked up a jangling telephone the other day and a soft, feminine voice



said, "I would like to report a softball game."

"All right," said the reporter, "what was the score?"

"Fifty-three to six. Hanes [high school] beat Gray [high school]."

"Oh, anything unusual about that?"

"Well," said the caller, "in the bottom of the third inning 27 runs were scored. That's about all."

"Are you sure?"

"Well," said the young lady, quickly refiguring her arithmetic, "Doris Pike got four home runs and Manha Peole got three and—uh—Gaynell Wimbush got one."

"What did you do and what's your name?" asked the reporter.

"Roseann Belpo. I played but I didn't do too much."

"Get any hits?"

"Yes, I got a triple, two seconds and a first."

continued

The Spirit of Adventure



Myers' Golden Daiquiri: ½ MYERS RUM to ½ lemon or lime juice. Add 1 tsp. sugar, a dash of Angostura per cocktail. Shake well with ice—CHEERS!

MYERS *Jamaica* RUM

If it were known only for the great rum drinks it makes, Myers would still be famous. But a dash or two of this rich, spicy rum can lend exciting, distinctive flavor to almost any cocktail—as well as to many foods, sauces, desserts. Tonight—for cocktails, for dinner—try this unique rum from Jamaica, Myers Rum... the spirit of adventure!

CASEY'S BATON

New York's eclectic Museum of Modern Art does not normally draw a baseball crowd. But recently an audience there heard and saw a one-act operatic version of the famous poem *Casey at the Bat*, a composition by Pulitzer Prize composer William Schuman, president of the prestigious Juilliard School of Music.

Schuman, besides writing symphonies, cantatas and overtures, is a baseball and Giant fan. He was a catcher in his youth. "As a matter of fact," he said after the museum performance, "baseball was my youth." *The Mighty Casey*, as Schuman calls his opus, consists of three scenes: before the Mudville game, the game and after the game. Schuman and his librettist, Jeremy Gary, give Casey a .364 batting average, 200 RBIs and 99 home runs. They also provide a posthumous heroine called Merry, and a happy ending with his arm around Merry's waist.

The opinion of the majority of music critics was that *The Mighty Casey* struck out.

SANCTIMONY INC.

Everett Case, basketball coach at North Carolina State College, has a plan to keep future basketball scandals from touching his state. He believes that New York City boys are more easily corrupted than Carolina boys and that Carolina coaches should therefore stop recruiting New York athletes and concentrate on acquiring homebred talent. "Maybe the sense of values of New York boys is all screwed up," he says. "I don't know, but North Carolina boys would certainly be loyal."

Since the current scandal broke, there has been no more arrogant, self-serving and sanctimonious expression of opinion. (Case was inspired to express it when, last week, three of his players—two from New York, one from Louisville—were accused of conspiring with gamblers to fix games.)

For years, Everett Case has been one of the most heinous recruiters of young athletes in the coaching fraternity, and N.C. State twice has been penalized by the NCAA for breaking the rules. When the extent of State's pursuit of Jackie Moreland was revealed in 1956, State was put on probation for four years—as severe a sentence as the pussyfooting NCAA ever has imposed. Moreland was

offered a five-year scholarship, his girl friend was offered a seven-year medical education and Moreland was to receive a generous yearly cash bonus and a yearly clothing allowance.

This is the kind of under-the-table, outside-the-rules recruiting that corrupts youngsters even before they get to college. Case is certainly not the only coach guilty of such misdeeds, but he cannot contribute to the general corruption and then complain that athletes—wherever they come from—are too corruptible. (An ironic sidelight is the fact that Stan Niewierski, one of the three State players accused last week, tried to drop out of school two years ago. He was pressured by Case into staying—and playing basketball.)

It will be a great day—but don't hold your breath waiting for it to come—when coaches like Everett Case admit their own responsibility in this matter, instead of trying to shift the blame to the boys themselves, the gamblers and, finally, the manners and mores of a whole city.

EIGHTBALL'S NEXT START

At the last Pan American Games a black horse with a matching disposition named Eightball made a shambles of the opening event of the modern pentathlon by dumping his rider three times and galloping off for some unescorted romps (SI, Sept. 14, 1999). Now, two years older and presumably kinder, Eightball is starting a new career. A transfer to Fort Myer, Va., is currently in progress. Eightball is expected to make his next public appearance at Arlington National Cemetery where, following the six gray horses that pull the caisson, he will carry the sword and the boots placed backwards in the stirrups. Eightball, say riders who know him well, is a perfectly behaved horse unless he is touched on the neck. If that should happen at Arlington, the countryside may be treated to a galloping vision considerably more blurring than that of the Headless Horseman.

DOUBLE JEOPARDY

Unpopular tax laws stimulate man's ingenuity, and horseplayers need ingenuity. When the boys in the Internal Revenue Service decided last year that lucky daily double players who took in over \$600 for 52 had to pay income taxes on the windfall, the IRS required identification of winners at the payoff windows. Social Security cards were preferred. Recently, say racetrackers, a new black

continued

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shaves at home
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New "wetter-than-water"
action melts beard's
toughness—in seconds

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in men's toiletries
that separates
the men from the boys
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MAX FACTOR



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DEODORANT COLOGNE—You're safe all day with the clean, fresh tang of the Male Factor, \$1.35.
PRE-SHAVE LOTION—Lays the safe up whiskers like clay pigeons for the smoothest, closest shave ever. And refreshing as a breeze, \$1.75.

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SCORECARD continued

market in Social Security cards has sprung up. Men with hats down over their eyes, of the type who, out of season, sell dull razor blades at a discount, step up to winners diffidently approaching the windows. "Wanna buy what I got for \$30?" they ask. "This is fool-proof." In return for \$10 the winner gets a Social Security card with somebody else's name on it. It's a real name, too, or rather was, for it's the name of someone more or less recently deceased. The hustlers at the daily double cashiers' windows have friends in funeral parlors, who somehow can get hold of Social Security cards which they sell for \$5 a card. No doubt the reverents will soon be demanding birth certificates with passport photos attached.

THEY SAID IT

• Goffer Arnold Palmer, discussing his proposed new television show, in which he will play against outstanding golfers from around the globe: "It's going to be called Palmer against the world. I guess if someone beats me twice he gets the show."

• North Carolina Representative Stedman Hines on a probable new law which will tighten the bribery penalties on anyone convicted of fixing basketball games: "You might say that we are locking the barn after the horse is stolen, but there are still some horses in the barn."

• Cleveland Indian Manager Jimmie Dykes, when questioned on the possibility of trading his team's shortstop, Woodie Held, even up for Shortstop Don Budnik of the Boston Red Sox: "I'll be 65 soon. I'm getting old but I'm not senile."

• New York Times sportswriter William R. Conklin, quoting a disgruntled home-player at New York's chilly Aqueduct race track: "The four seasons here are early winter, winter, late winter and next winter."

• Singer Tony Martin, describing his brief career in baseball: "I tried out for the San Francisco Mission. The report on me was that I was a switch hitter who struck out both ways, but I could sing for the team on the bus."

• Baseball Commissioner Ford Frick, trying to explain his way out of the current slump in major league attendance: "We anticipated this leveling off after five straight seasons of rising attendances."

FACES IN THE CROWD



MRS. JOHN RAY-MELL was Texas women's golf title after two previous losses at a 5-hole. This year she developed a muscle spasm in her back, was shot 14-4, outperformed by opponent Wanda Swartz, recovered to win 7 and 8, with a rare three-putt putt.



MIKE O'HARA, California salaried, was named volleyball "player of the year" after his explosive spiking in the Hollywood YMCA 5am to 6am victory over defending champion L.A. Westside Jewish Community Center in instructional open championship at Del Mar.



TERRI STICKLES, a freshman at Hillsdale High in San Mateo, Calif., sister of American record holder Ted Stickles, swam to a new national 13- to 14-year-old age group record of 2:17.4 in 200-meter freestyle, added Pacific Association 100-meter mark of 1:03.1.



WARREN BRATTOF, 18, a polo victim at a child, reached 14 feet 5 3/8 inches, second highest schoolboy pole vault of all time. A senior at Houston's Galea Park High, the 5-foot 8-inch, 140-pound athlete is aiming for the national scholastic record of 15 feet.



BOB FISCHER, a senior at CCNY, recovered from a spell as one-quarter miler to out-race 17 other cyclists in the 50-mile team college race-racing championships at New Haven, Conn. Fischer won by three feet after 2 hours, 18 minutes, 34 seconds.



ERNE NUNEZ, El Paso senior, pitched his first 1961 win, tossed in all five runs with the only three homers of his Big Ten career, for 5-1 win over Minnesota's MCA champions, ending the Gophers' 49-game, four-year winning streak at home.



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ABOVE, demonstrating the virtues of the original and authentic Schweppes Tonic to a group of original and authentic Americans, you see Commander Edward Whitehead—heap big chief of the whole Schweppes setup in America.

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DODGE

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All times are E.D.T.

• Color television • Television • Network radio

Friday, May 26

HORSE RACING

Five-Five-82 Pace, \$21,000, Westbury, N.Y.

BASEBALL

Nat'l. Scholarship Champs., Washington, D.C. (also May 27).

RACKET SPORTS

New York State Champs., Tonawanda, N.Y. (through May 27).

TRACK & FIELD

ICMA Champs., New York (also May 27).

Saturday, May 27

BASEBALL

Los Angeles Dodgers at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (TVS).

San Francisco at Chicago Cubs, 2:31 p.m. (CBS).

BASEBALL

Marquette vs. Rad. High, 10 p.m., Med. Sq. Gardens, New York, 10 p.m. (ABC).

POSS SHOW

Montgomery County Kennel Club show, Gaithersburg, Md.

HORSE RACING

Lehigh Valley, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

London Handicap, \$100,000, Garden State Park, N.J. (Japan Network regional TV).

Top Flight Handicap, \$50,000, Aqueduct, N.Y. (Japan Network regional TV; NBC radio).

HORSE SHOW

Devon show, Devon, Pa. (also May 29-June 1).

JOINT BASE RACING

Adams Hunt races, Purchase, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Indiana, "Tom Trick," Wide World of Sports, 2 p.m. (ABC).

UCCA Nat'l. Meet, Bridgehampton, N.Y. (also May 28).

TRACK & FIELD

Big Five Champs., Palo Alto, Calif.

California State, Modesto, Calif.

WRESTLING

Northern Handicap, Fort Dodge, Iowa (also May 28).

Sunday, May 28

BASEBALL

Chicago White Sox at New York, 1:03 p.m. (CBS).

Los Angeles Dodgers at Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).

HORSE RACING

1000 Low Sports Car Race, Midway, West Chester, N.Y.

NASCAR Grand Nat'l. division, \$112,000, Charlotte, N.C.

Monday, May 29

HORSE RACING

Five-Five-82 Trot, \$20,000, Westbury, N.Y.

HORSE RACING

Junior Stakes, \$15,000, Aqueduct, N.Y.

Tuesday, May 30

HORSE RACING

Junior Derby, \$50,000, Garden State Park, N.J. (Japan Network regional TV).

Metropolitan Handicap, \$100,000, Aqueduct, N.Y. (Japan Network regional TV).

W.J. Rogers Stakes, \$12,000, Hollywood Park, Calif.

HORSE SHOW

Tulsa Classic show, Tulsa (through June 3).

HORSE RACING

Indianapolis "200," Indianapolis.

SWIMMING

Los Altos Sprint Open, Los Altos, Calif.

Wednesday, May 31

HORSE RACING

Lenox Derby, Lenox Downs, England.

Thursday, June 1

SOFTBALL

U.S.A. Women's Western Open, Nashville (through June 4).

Montreal Open, \$20,000, Winnipeg (through June 4).

HORSE RACING

Imperial, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, N.Y.

SOFTBALL

Imperial, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, N.Y.

Imperial, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, N.Y.

Imperial, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, N.Y.

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Imperial, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, N.Y.

Imperial, \$100,000, Hollywood Park, N.Y.



Birdie a'coming, with the new DISTANCE DOT

Distance, distance, distance—every single time you connect with a DISTANCE DOT. Besides delivering distance, a DOT is the truest high performance ball made, and the long-lasting finish stays sparkling white hole after hole, round after round.

Distance, true performance, and surprising durability—that's Spalding's new DISTANCE DOT. Be the long man off the tee—play the DISTANCE DOT. Sold through golf professional shops only.

SPALDING
into the game in sports

*See local listing

SPALDING BIRMINGHAM, MAY 28, 1962

BRITISH BULLET

Almost everything will seem very much as usual next Tuesday when some 250,000 persons assemble at Indianapolis for the annual 500-mile auto race, but one thing will make the occasion very different: the presence of the small, green British bullet shown below. Lurking five rows down in pole position as the 33 cars line up for this 45th running of America's greatest race, this Cooper-Climax adaptation of a Grand Prix racer will pose a hard, new question, which all the color and clamor of Indy on Memorial day will not be able

to answer: Is the time-honored Indianapolis roadster (*see cover*) still master of the Brickyard, or is it merely an expensive fossil soon to be pulverized by intruders from overseas?

Indianapolis has already been profoundly shaken by the little British upstart. Despite an engine only two-thirds the size of the big Indy Offenhausers and a design conceived basically for road racing, quite different from American-style track racing, it was qualified easily by Australia's World Champion Driver Jack Brabham. It is the first foreign car

CORNERING BRITAIN'S COOPER-CLIMAX AT INDIANAPOLIS, GRAND PRIX CHAMPION JACK



AT INDY

Jack Brabham's little Cooper, safely in Tuesday's "500," brings the threat of revolution to the foremost U.S. auto race

by KENNETH RUDEEN

since 1952 to make the "500" starting field. Should it overcome heavy odds and actually win the race, it will be the first to do so since the Italian Maseratis driven by Wilber Shaw in 1939 and 1940. In any case, it will surely encourage other foreign entrants to come and fight for future "500" peries. The purse this year may well reach \$400,000, a figure undreamed of in European racing.

Moreover, the Cooper has one successful revolution already to its credit as it sits on the line in the Brickyard. The British car is fundamentally the same

Cooper-Climax with which its beef-flowing, pipe-smoking builder and owner, John Cooper, turned international Grand Prix racing frontside-back two years ago. After Cooper's rear-engined car won the 1959 world championship, his rivals abruptly discarded their front-engined designs and put their engines in the rear, where all Grand Prix cars have them now.

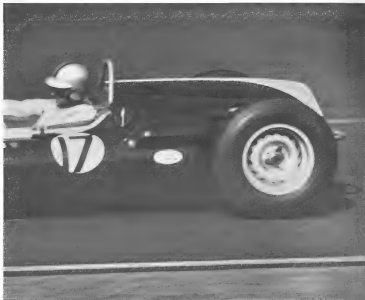
That happened overseas, however, and those distant convulsions caused hardly a tremor at Indianapolis. The "500" race was thought to be as remote from the

Grand Prix sport as baseball from cricket. Sporadic and mostly ill-planned post-war foreign ventures in the "500" have been futile, and for 20 years the Indy men have remained in their well-worn groove.

No designer appeared to dispute the basic roadster introduced in 1952 by Frank Kurtis, whose greatest innovations were to offset the engine to the left side of the chassis, compensating for the Speedway's four left turns, and drop the driver down beside the drive shaft from his old perch above it. Only the

(Continued)

BRABHAM IS GOOLLY EFFICIENT AS HIS LIGHTWEIGHT CAR GOES AFTER INDY'S MOST CHERISHED—INDOED, ONLY—RACING DESIGN





DEFENDING CHAMPION JIM RATHMANN LEADS U.S. PRIOS



RUNNER-UP BRABHAM IS OUT TO CRACK U.S. MONOPOLY

THE "300" *continued*

fragile New Supercharged V-8 interrupted the complacent routine of Meyer-Drake, builders of the long-dominant Offy engine—and then only slightly. Nor did any competitor threaten Ted Halbrecht, who cornered nearly all the wheel, axle and differential business, or Firestone, who year after year could confidently predict that the winning car would ride on their tires—no other manufacturer built “300” tires.

Thus the simple front-engined, solid-axle Indianapolis car became, as one insider puts it, a catalog item. A new one cost between \$25,000 and \$30,000. The price was steep, but after all the roadster was the best of all possible cars for the extremely special tasks assigned to it: to accelerate violently away from the Speedway's starts, and belatedly enough not to break should it kiss a concrete retaining wall.

Then Cooper and Brabham happened by Indianapolis last fall on the way to an American road race. They warmed up for some trial runs, and suddenly the far-off thunder reverberated here at home, for Brabham reached an astonishing lap speed of 144.8 mph with a pure Grand Prix Cooper-Climax car. Brabham also cornered brilliantly whether in or out of the “groove,” the Americans' fastest axle line through the turns.

Indy roadsters out of the groove at extreme speed are in immediate danger of crashing.

Instantly the question rose from America's Grand Prix and sports car fans who have long, and rather blindly, looked down their noses at the Brickyard: Why not try? But wait, said John Cooper. I am not a well-bred revolutionary. My shop is as modest as my manner. I can't possibly afford to enter your race on my own. If I am to subvert the Indianapolis tradition, I must have financial backing.

And so, a financial angel appeared, an American with silver hair and a small gold earring in his right ear lobe. James (Gentleman Jim) Kimberly, the foot-loose millionaire who road-raced Ferrari sports cars in the mid-1950s, offered to underwrite the entire cost of building a special Cooper-Climax for the “300” as well as all attendant expenses. His offer accepted, he set up a \$30,000 drawing account for Cooper.

Low-priced solution

Rarely has such potent sedition cost so little. There was a certain amount of grumbling that Cooper had been permitted to enter a car with only 92 inches of wheelbase, rather than the 96 inches required of home-bred cars. But the British builder was merely taking advantage of a Speedway rule written long

ago to stimulate foreign competition. In any case he wasn't counting primarily on the wheelbase exemption. More important, he wanted a chance to demonstrate the worth of a rear-engined car in a race hitherto devoted to front-engined designs.

The Cooper's Coventry-Climax engine, stretched to 2.75 liters by boring and stroking last year's standard 2.5-liter Grand Prix engine, produces only 252 horsepower, while the 4.2-liter Offy can yield 400. But the entire car weighs only 1,050 pounds, or 500 pounds less than the lightest Indy roadster. Consequently, its vital power-to-weight ratio is competitive. Suspension is independent for all four wheels, and the Cooper's frontal area has the typically low, wind-cheating form that no front-engined car can approach. The engine has been tipped to the left, some chassis hardware has been altered to suit the continual left-hand turning, and the tires are the British Dunlop firm's hastily produced answer to Cooper's plea for special Indy tires, which Firestone, in sportsmanlike fashion, agreed to mount and maintain.

Given this car, Brabham proved that he could take the Speedway's twenteen turns, in which the “300” is won or lost by American drivers, at the highest speeds yet recorded—one unbelieving observer clocked him at 143-plus mph through one of the bends.

Thus, Brabham soon joined the elite group of drivers surpassing 146 mph. Then he flew to Monte Carlo on the first leg of an ocean-hopping binge unparalleled in racing: first to qualify in the Monaco Grand Prix, then to qualify at Indianapolis, then back to race at Monaco, race in the Dutch Grand Prix and, finally, disappear at Indy in time for the "500." He took this eye-popping schedule casually. "I've always wanted to see this race," he said cheerfully. "This is the best way of doing it, isn't it?"

Brabham qualified on the first of the Speedway's four qualifying days at the good speed of 145.144 mph, earning the fifth-row pole in the 11-row, three-abreast starting lineup. Then he was off for Monaco (where engine malfunctioning caused his retirement) and was momentarily forgotten as the rest of the 33-car field began to emerge from the qualifying runs. An amazing crowd—more than 150,000 persons—looked on. Some sat close by the spot where the former national champion, Tony Bettenhausen, had crashed and died the day before. (Safely that the track's wall, fence and protective cable complex had held up under the impact of Bettenhausen's car, officials planned no new bulwarks.)

On the track itself, speeds inched up over last year's record averages. Talkative Eddie Sachs won the pole for the second straight year. In Gasoline Alley, Builder-Mechanic A. J. Watson sweated to repair Roger Ward's suddenly sick engine. Subsequently, Ward, the 1959 winner and Tuesday's co-favorite with

Jim Rathmann, last year's champion, qualified handily. Rathmann was a shade slower.

But amid the speed and exhaust noise of the Brickyard no one could quite forget the little Cooper. It took no leap of the imagination to judge what dislocations might come about if two or three other European factories, jolted out of their former toridity, should in the future join Cooper in full-scale warfare at Indianapolis. For example, Enzo Ferrari, the Italian wizard, builds bigger, hotter engines than any available to John Cooper in Britain and tremendously reliable racing cars.

Target to investments

The harsh truth is that American racing design is not only stagnant, it is virtually nonexistent. Additionally, the 50-odd Indianapolis car owners are by no means eager to have their immense investments in the roadsters suddenly threatened.

But whether the owners like it or not, certain facts must be acknowledged. One owner willing to do so is Jack Zink, 32, the boy wonder whose cars won in 1955 and 1956. An engineering graduate, Zink manufactures industrial furnaces at Tulsa. He is known as a man who likes to wear a mechanic's smock (see below) and get his hands dirty working on his cars. He is also known as something of a maverick. Right now he is shaping his own challenge to the roadsters by building a rear-engined, independently sprung turbine racer. It should be ready next year. Meanwhile, Zink is campaigning a roadster. It will

be driven by big Troy Ruttman, the 1952 winner, a man who is never afraid to use his throttle foot.

An owner who probably will go along with changing times, if not go far to meet them, is J. C. Agajanian. Son of an immigrant Armenian goatherd who vaulted in station from \$1-a-day dishwasher to wealthy West Coast hog rancher, Agajanian is a Sieston-wearing extrovert with a sharp business eye. Just now Agajanian tends to defend the status quo, but within five years he expects to build a \$15 million, super-Indianapolis track in the Los Angeles area. When that time comes, he undoubtedly will seek the freshest and fastest cars available, regardless of nationality. His driver is Rufus Parnell (Parnelli) Jones, a smooth and rapid newcomer.

No one knows how many owners are prepared to resist radical change at any cost. When the conservative wing forms ranks it will most likely be led by Lindsey Hopkins. Probably the wealthiest of the wealthy Indianapolis owners, he is a director of Coca-Cola and member of the family controlling a rich land-development firm.

"I have put," says Hopkins, "30 years of investment, hard work, heartache and tears into this plant. If it now develops that our cars are obsolete, some of us would seriously have to consider quitting the sport."

For Builder Watson, however, whose roadsters have won four of the last six races, the Cooper's appearance had the effect of releasing pent-up energies. "I'm glad it's here," he said. "For years we've been scared to try anything new. Now we are simply going to have to." **END**

U.S. CAR OWNERS CHALLENGED BY COOPER INCLUDE CHIEF J. C. AGAJANIAN, SERIOUS JACK ZINK AND ANXIOUS LINDSEY HOPKINS



A RUSE FLUSHES SOME EAGER RECRUITERS

As the basketball scandal continues to spread to more colleges, an enterprising graduate student's term paper exposes the frantic attitude that contributes to the tragedy

by RAY CAVE

More than a million high school seniors have been vying this spring for admission to the nation's crowded colleges. Institutions have talked of turning away as many as five applicants for every freshman they are able to accept. Academic standards have risen to the point where a Coverage student very often has little chance of getting into the college of his choice. But if getting into college has never been tougher for most young men, it has seldom been easier for athletes. Just how easy has been made remarkably plain by an NYU graduate-school student, Thomas Affinis, in preparing a term paper entitled *High School Athletics, a Poseur to College*.

Early last month Affinis, the son of a Meriden, Conn. doctor, created a fictitious high school basketball player named Tom Fini. In Fini's name he sent a letter to the basketball coaches of 11 colleges explaining that the Fini family was moving into the area of the coach's college. Fini said he had been an all-state basketball player in Connecticut for two years, that he was 6 feet 5 inches tall, weighed 200 pounds and wanted to play for the college. Fini said he would "be able to pay for about one-half of my education through savings but will need a scholarship for the rest. Will [name of school] be able to help me out?" Tom Affinis used his own home address for Tom Fini.

Enclosed with the letter was a bogus newspaper clipping (see right), a copy of a fictitious story which Tom Affinis had printed at the *Meriden Journal*, where he works part time as a reporter. The clipping said Tom Fini averaged 23.4 points a game, that he was also No. 1 man on the tennis team and that



STUDENT AFFINIS wrote on the subject, *High School Athletics, a Poseur to College*.

he had a straight-C average at Maloney High School (an actual school is Meriden). The description depicted an apparently good basketball player, but one no better than 100 other high school prospects each year.

Within two weeks, on the basis of nothing but Tom Fini's letter and the clipping, this is what happened:

- Two colleges offered Fini full scholarships.
- One college offered a half scholarship to be changed to a full scholarship if Fini became a starter on the freshman team.
- Representatives of three schools telephoned; two others telegraphed; and five wrote Fini within a day of receiving his letter. Every college replied with evident interest.
- Four colleges enclosed admission ap-

plications on which was written the name or initials of the basketball coach, plainly put there to show the admissions office it was dealing with an athlete.

Rarely has the intensity and scope of college recruiting been displayed so clearly as it was in the messages that came for Tom Fini, and in the diary that Tom Affinis kept for the three weeks that the coaches sought a nonexistent basketball player.

The letters that Affinis wrote—"Dear Coach," they began, informally, and they included spelling and typing errors for realism—were sent to St. Francis College (Pa.), University of Detroit, University of Richmond, University of Akron, Gonzaga University, Duquesne University, Belmont Abbey, Idaho State University, Memphis State University, Kentucky Wesleyan College and the University of Portland. The schools were selected for their geographic spread and known interest in basketball.

At noon Saturday, April 8, the 11 letters were sent by air mail. "Nothing to do now but sit and wait," wrote Tom in his diary.

Forty-eight hours later, at Monday noon, he recorded: "A call from Pittsburgh came to the newspaper asking for information on Fini. When he could find out nothing, the voice on the phone seemed quite upset. Most likely Duquesne." Duquesne contacted Maloney High School, and later wrote the school about a possible loan. No other college checked that far before approaching the player.

At 5 p.m. the same day, a telegram for Tom Fini arrived from Bob Vanetta, head basketball coach at Memphis State. "Call me tonight if possible, Mutual 5-6159, Memphis, Tennessee," it read.

On Tuesday, April 11, the University of Akron called Maloney High School and the newspaper seeking information about Tom Fini.

"April 12—a really big day!" noted Tom in the diary. "Three letters came to my home. They were from Gonzaga, Idaho State and the University of Richmond."

Gonzaga coach and athletic director Hank Anderson wrote Fini: "I am very much interested in your letter and would like to tentatively offer you a full basketball scholarship for next year, which would include board, room and tuition. . . . I would like to have a little more information about your basketball background. . . . Also a letter from your high school coach." He enclosed an application form for the Spokane college. It had "T. H. Anderson" written at the bottom of it in ink.

And don't forget tennis

Idaho State was more circumspect. "We have a very fine basketball program here," said Coach John Evans. "I am sure we will be able to work out something which will enable you to attend." He enclosed brochures on the merits of the college, the state of Idaho and the town of Pocatello. Later the Idaho State tennis coach, a U.S. Army captain who teaches military science, wrote Fini on his unit's military stationery noting that "with respect to a scholarship, Mr. Evans informs me that he will be able to take care of you." He reminded Fini that the tennis team, too, was looking forward to his presence. As he did in every case, Tom Affinito answered Idaho State saying he had decided to go elsewhere. Coach Evans wrote Fini in return, wishing him "the best of luck."

The third reply that day came from the University of Richmond. It was, untypically, concerned with grades. "We will need your grades and this application form completed before I can officially offer you any aid," said Coach Lester Hooker Jr. He enclosed an application form. His name was written on it. (A week later a Connecticut man identifying himself as "a scout in the New England area for the University of Richmond," wrote the basketball coach at

Maloney High School and asked him to fill out an enclosed "evaluation report" on Fini.)

That night another telegram arrived from Memphis State's conscientious Vanatta. "Call me collect," it said. A wire was sent back saying Tom Fini had made other plans.

"April 13," Affinito's diary continued, "Three more letters arrived today. They were from Kentucky Wesleyan, Detroit and a New York insurance man writing on behalf of Belmont Abbey."

Basketball Coach T. L. Plain of Kentucky Wesleyan not only had a scholar-

ship for Tom Fini but an incentive plan. "Your qualifications certainly portray the type of athlete we are attempting to recruit," the coach wrote. "We will offer you a half scholarship (tuition, fees and books) on the basis of the information that we received. In the event that you become a starter on our freshman team we will place you on a full scholarship."

The University of Detroit answer came from an assistant coach. He sent an application form (with the coach's initials on it, of course) and said he needed it returned as soon as possible in order that the registrar could examine

continued

Top College Prospect . . .

Maloney's Tom Fini Named To State's All-Star Five

By CHUCK SMITH
Associated Sports Writer

Tom Fini, Maloney's top prospect, was named to the All-Star Five basketball team.

The six players will represent the state in the All-Star game, which will be held at the University of Richmond on April 15.

Other players named to the team are: John Evans, Idaho State; Lester Hooker, Kentucky Wesleyan; and Tom Affinito, University of Detroit.

Tom Fini, who is a senior at Maloney High School, was named to the team because of his outstanding play during the season.

He averaged 15 points a game and was one of the best players in the state.

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Tom Fini was named to the team because of his outstanding play during the season.



TOM FINI getting top mark

BOUSE NEWS STORY leading fictitious Tom Fini was sent to basketball coaches by Affinito along with a letter of application. Story included an old picture taken from paper's files. The picture's face were blocked out by Brouse Illustrations to avoid embarrassing them.

Tom Fini's grades. "I feel quite certain that we will be able to give you some financial aid if you are accepted for admission," the letter said. A paragraph calling for \$5 to accompany the application form was scratched out on the form's instruction sheet. Unlike other students, Fini could apply free.

The New York insurance man asked Tom Fini if he could be in the lobby of the New York Athletic Club on Saturday, April 29, at 12:30 p.m., to meet Belmont Abbey Coach Al McGuire. "Please reply," he added.

No mail came for Fini the next day, but Tom Affinito had to use part of it explaining to the principal of Maloney High School and the publisher of his newspaper what he had done. He had not told them before, hardly anticipating the barrage of response he would receive. "We all parted best of friends," he wrote in his diary.

Big offer from a small college

"April 17—St. Francis College got into the act today," the diary continued. "At noon a telegram arrived from Dr. W. T. Hughes, a dentist who is also the basketball coach." The doctor asked Fini to telephone him. A letter was sent saying Fini had other plans.

But four days later a registered letter arrived for Tom Fini from Dr. Hughes. It read: "Tried to reach you by phone. Also sent telegram. . . . Can't seem to reach you. Call or write if you are still interested." And a week after that came a last letter from the St. Francis coach. It contained a flat offer:

"Would like to have you with us at St. Francis College. Can offer room, board, tuition and fees. We are only 75 miles from Pittsburgh, and we are one of the nicest small colleges in the country. A picture of our next two dormitories being started now, enclosed."

On the St. Francis application form Dr. Hughes had written his name. Beside the name were the underlined words, "Basketball Player."

As the morning, two telephone calls had come one right from the coach of the University of Portland. "I was not here and my father answered both calls," wrote Tom in the diary. "One came about midnight and the other at approximately 1 a.m. The coach was upset that he couldn't reach Tom Fini. My father wasn't exactly in a happy mood after being awakened twice." A

local clergyman later received a letter from the coach asking about Fini.

With Portland accounted for, every school on Thomas Affinito's list had shown its interest in furthering the higher education of Tom Fini. In his term paper for his NYU course (pre-college guidance) Affinito called attention to the speed with which the coaches had responded, citing it as "evidence that athletic recruitment is a highly competitive business. More descriptively, it is a rat race. Coaches are paid to win, and fired if they don't. Obviously they didn't want to waste time and have to bid with several other colleges for Tom Fini's services. . . .

"In any case, it seems incredible that a college should offer a scholarship on the limited information they had on Fini—a phony news story and a letter from the boy. . . .

"One of the college bulletins sent to Fini read: 'Aid is awarded to students on the basis of need, scholastic ability and good character.' This school knew nothing of Fini's character, need or scholastic ability."

It was not Tom Affinito's purpose—nor is it ours—to embarrass, specifically, the schools included in his survey. As proof of the fact that practically all colleges today are in the recruiting rat race, Tom included in his term paper a letter sent out recently by one of the top Ivy League colleges.

"It appears as if we can never avoid a crisis," the director of freshman athletics wrote to the school's alumni, "and this time of year is no exception. The coaching staffs are furiously at work hard-selling our school. The Office of Admissions and the Department of Financial Assistance are now feeling the full weight of our recruiting activities. . . ."

What happened in the case of Tom Fini should surprise no sophisticated observer. The best high school basketball and football players report that they get 100 such offers before selecting a college. But the case of the mythical Tom Fini dramatizes the degree to which offices of admissions and departments of financial assistance "are now feeling the full weight of recruitment activities."

We suggest Tom Affinito's professor give him an A on his term paper. **END**

BUSH OF REPLIES from colleges included three scholarship offers and application forms. The forms were signed by coaches so the admissions office would know Fini was an athlete.





END OF A TYPICAL, RELENTLESS FINAL DRIVE BY CARRY BACK IN THE PREAKNESS PUTS HIM THREE-QUARTERS OF A LENGTH

THREE LEGS ON TWO CROWNS

Carry Back's Preakness victory gave him the second leg of his Triple Crown, while Bowl of Flowers' Acorn triumph was her first in the filly competition. Both were gritty, come-from-behind stretch runs, and an eventual meeting of the two young champions is something to hope for

by WHITNEY TOWER



AREAD OF GLOBEMASTER AT THE WIRE

After Carry Back's stunning victory in the Preakness last Saturday, anyone would be crazy to bet that he won't win the Belmont Stakes on June 3 and become the first Triple Crown winner since Citation in 1948. This homely colt, skippy of flesh and small in size, ran the race of his life at Pimlico. If he never wins another, he should go down in history as one of our finest race horses.

It matters little that Carry Back has spent his career knocking off what pro-

fessional horsemen term "a most ordinary crop." Nor is it significant that Carry Back doesn't go around breaking track records. The important thing is that he keeps on winning over everything sent against him. And the manner in which he does it has made him one of the most popular horses to turn up in a very long time. He is a rich man's Silky Sullivan, but instead of just looking good he wins races. Furthermore, he wins them for a family of genuine enthusiasts, Jack and Katherine Price. Unpretentious, friendly to all, the Prices are gradually becoming aware of the fact that with the fame Carry Back has brought them comes a new responsibility as national figures in the sports world.

Actually, Carry Back runs in Katherine's name. Mrs. Price has a quiet charm and the instinct to know exactly what to say at exactly the right time. When Carry Back won the Preakness last week, Katherine Price could have been excused if she had wanted to stand on her head at the winner's party or guzzle champagne out of her slipper.

Instead she offered in unadorned words a brief description of just what it means to a lady to be the owner of the most popular horse in America: "Jack and I have come up the hard way. We have come into some luck with this horse, and people we have never talked to in our lives before are coming around to congratulate us. At the same time I've always had a feeling that Carry Back is the popular horse among the country's 'little people.' The greatest thrill, and I really mean this, is that he wins for the little people, because we feel we belong to them. When I see him cross that finish line, I forget the way that Jack jokes about his 'money-making machine,' and the first thing I think of is that Carry Back didn't let his 'little people' fans down. I know deep down in my own heart that I would be pulling for Carry Back no matter when he belonged to—just the way I pulled for Bully Ache a year ago."

She had one further word, "I feel strongly about another thing. The Preakness victory should prove to everyone in the world that Jack has earned his reputation as a trainer. He's never been given proper credit for this, and yet who can say that for the big races Carry Back has been in Jack hasn't had him in just as good condition as would any of the great trainers you've read about for years? Jack likes to joke about this colt and all that, but when you look at

the record it's easy to see that he's done an amazing job of training."

There's no question that Jack Price, Carry Back and Jockey John Sellers got a superlative job done last Saturday. It was another one of those last-gasp thrillers that everyone loves. To nobody's surprise, the villain in the piece was Globemaster, who had set the pace for the first mile in the Kentucky Derby before fading and finally finishing sixth. At the Preakness distance of a mile-and-three-sixteenths, it was argued, Globemaster might get on the lead and hold it. He darn near did, too.

While Carry Back was pinched at the start by Crozier and Orleans Dege, Globemaster set sail as if there was nothing to the race. Hitting Away, surprise winner of the Withers a week earlier, took after him, with Crozier sitting nicely back in third place and Carry Back dawdling along in the rear like a horse who knows what he's supposed to do but has forgotten when he's supposed to do it.

Way back at the half

Going up the backstretch, Sellers was dead last. He thought he was eight lengths behind Globemaster, but actually he was 14 and a half, a dangerous place to be. Up front, John Rotz on Globemaster was having a picnic. As Carry Back neared the half-mile pole, Sellers, just as he had in the Derby, started to open up some throttle. "He went O.K., but I was worried," he said afterward. Into the far turn, Carry Back took his customary overland route, keeping his field and sacrificing ground he might have made up on the rail. At the quarter pole, just before they straightened for the stretch run, Sellers knew what a serious predicament he was in. He was in sixth place in the nine-horse field, but also six lengths out of it. Rotz was getting into Globemaster, and Crozier was hanging on. "When I saw Globemaster drawing off to a four-length lead," said Sellers, "it scared me good." Rotz, on the other hand, was getting ready for the last laugh. "I thought we had it sure," he said later.

But now the typical Carry Back drive began, and every man, woman and child in the Pimlico crowd—along with millions watching on television—rose to roar their delight at the duel. At the eighth pole Carry Back, running so wide he might have been looking for a hot dog in the grandstand, was still four

(continued)

lengths behind Globemaster and just passing Clover. He didn't catch Globemaster with a desperate last-second lunge, but simply wore him down. Just about 30 yards from the wire he surged to the front and won, as he did at Churchill Downs, by just three-quarters of a length.

Carry Back has now earned \$739,068 to move from 19th to 14th in the all-time money-winning list. Jack and Katherine Price have replaced Rex Ellsworth as the leading 1961 owner in the country, and Johnny Sellers has become the first jockey this year to ride winners of over \$1 million. This is a championship team even before it wins the Triple Crown.

A LADY WHO WAS ALMOST TOO LATE

Exactly one hour before Carry Back was put into the starting gate at Pimlico to go after the second leg of his Triple Crown, a dashing young filly named Bowl of Flowers entered the gate at New York's Aqueduct to run in the first leg of the Triple Crown for Fillies. Like Carry Back, Bowl of Flowers is 3 years old, and she too runs from behind. But where Carry Back is merely, Bowl of Flowers is handsome. She is perfectly bred, he is not; she comes from one of the biggest stables in the country while he is owned by "little people."

Bowl of Flowers got the first leg of her Triple Crown by winning the one mile,

\$57,750 Acorn Stakes in a desperate, punishing finish, and next month she may get legs two and three by winning the Mother Goose and the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont Park. Its time—perhaps as early as August—Bowl of Flowers may be the only horse in America to pose a threat to Carry Back's domination of this racing year.

The Acorn was the second start of 1961 for Bowl of Flowers (Carry Back has had nine) and only the tenth of her career (Carry Back has started 30 times). She overcame a race track that had been fluffed up as a result of griping by trainers that the surface was so hard horses' bones were snapping like matchsticks. She didn't like the soft going, but she won. Eddie Arcaro, who rode her, did not ride the best race of his 45 years, and she still won. Four speed horses scratched out of the race, changing Trainer Elliott Burch's strategy, and she was still able to win. With almost a third of a million dollars bet on her, she seemed beaten at the 16th pole, but she still got up to complete the job. Who could ask for anything more?

Can she beat the colts?

Since last November there have been many who believe that Bowl of Flowers is the equal of any 3-year-old colt. Last week, after watching her, some said "yes" and some said "maybe," but no one said "no."

Bowl of Flowers' sire, Sailor, came along with that marvelous crop of colts that included Nashua, Swaps, Summer Tan, Saratoga, Dedicate and Traffic Judge. If it had not been for bad ankles,

Sailor might be better remembered. In the 1956 Gulfstream Park Handicap, Sailor beat Nashua by seven lengths, something no other horse ever did. Bowl of Flowers' mother, Flower Bowl, was also unfortunate. She came along at a time when filly and mare racing was at such a low ebb that there were only two good handicap events at a mile and a quarter or over—the Delaware and Ladies handicaps—and she won both.

After Bowl of Flowers' Acorn win last week, Eddie Arcaro summed her up in this manner: "I'm not bragging," he said, "because I've been lucky over the years to have ridden some good horses regularly, like Citation, Whirlaway, Nashua, Sword Dancer, Bold Ruler and Hill Prince. And I've picked up horses like Native Dancer, Phalaros, High Gun and Kelso. There's one thing, though—even when a terrific horse runs a rotten race he'll win. I might have made a mistake last year when I said Bowl of Flowers could probably beat all the colts. I'm not taking that statement back. It takes her a long time to get going, and I would have liked to have had a piece of the book at the eighth pole today. But when I hit her, and I hit the hell out of her, she went after the money. Maybe her stride is too long, maybe she's lay comin' out of the gate 'cause she's never an easy horse to find her stride. Everything is there, though. Just give her time."

Speak softly, Jack Price, speak softly. Take a look, Johnny Sellers, take a look. Stand up, Carry Back, stand up. A lady has entered the room.

—WILLIAM LEGGITT

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GOLF'S HUMAN HOWITZER

Big George Bayer hits a golf ball like Mickey Mantle hits a baseball, only three times as far. His one big problem: how to make the rest of his game match the quality of his drives

by ALFRED WRIGHT



Hardly a golf course where George Bayer has played during his six years on the professional golfing circuit is without a legend about one of his enormous drives. On the 230-yard 8th hole at Tam O'Shanter he scored a hole in one, using his one-iron. On the 445-yard 7th hole at Tucson, where the air is thin and a 15-mph wind was in his favor, Bayer drove his tee shot 10 yards past the flagstick. On the par-5 13th hole at Las Vegas he hit a drive that traveled 420 yards.

At Cypress Point in California club members marvel over a drive Bayer once hit on the 334-yard dogleg 18th. Helped by a tail wind, the ball sailed over some cypress trees and, still on the fly, struck a startled crowsnest on the far edge of the green alongside the clubhouse. "I'd have been in trouble if it hadn't hit him," Bayer says with a slight wince that is the closest he ever comes to a grin. "It would have gone off into the parking lot and been a rough shot to play back."

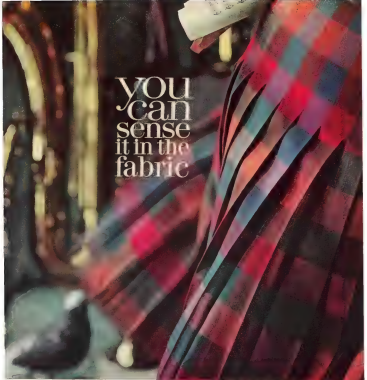
According to Bayer's own testimony, the most memorable shot of his career was made at the Lakes Club in Sydney, Australia during an exhibition match in 1956. On a hole that measured 589 yards, Bayer hit a drive that stopped about 50 yards from the green. "I guess that was about my longest," he says casually. "But remember I had some wind with me, the fairway was baked hard by the sun and it was a little downhill."

Most golfers are proud of a long drive, but Bayer speaks of his monumental shots with an indifference bordering on ennui. It seems to rankle with him that, as the longest hitter in golf, he is regarded by many fans as a sort of freak rather than one of the three dozen best professionals in the game, which he certainly is.

In the midst of a recent tournament Bayer was out on the practice green

continued

GEORGE AT THE TEE, powerful and big-armed, whips wood through leaguer arc in golf.



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it in the
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working on his putting when an elderly fellow started chatting with him. "You're the longest hitter there ever was, George," said the man. "Why, you can hit the ball farther than Tom Morris," referring to a Scot who was in his prime about the time that Disraeli was Prime Minister.

"Well, that was a long time ago," said Bayer politely.

"How many balls do you use during a round?" asked the old fellow.

"Usually about four," said Bayer.

The elderly man turned to a friend. "He has to change balls all the time because he beats them out of shape."

"That's not true," said Bayer. He then walked away, having talked enough about a phase of his golf that interests him less and less the more he hears and reads about it.

Nonetheless, the fact remains that Bayer and Tommy Bolt are the only two regulars on the PGA tour who always attract a curious group of followers for reasons other than their immediate standing in the tournament. They follow Bolt, of course, in hopes of seeing him lose his temper and throw his clubs around. They follow Bayer expecting to see him hit one of those Olympic drives.

Done for a screamer

When Bayer does hit a screamer, it's a sight worth waiting for. The crowd studies him with a kind of nervous anticipation as he pulls his Broddingmagn driver out of its golf bag and removes the cover from the clubhead.

After bending over to tee up his ball, Bayer grasps the end of the shaft in his huge hands and gives the club a couple of shakes. In the grip of this invention of a man (Bayer is 6 feet 5 and weighs 243 pounds), the driver, which is one of the largest used by any touring pro, looks no bigger than a riding crop. Bayer addresses the ball with his feet close together and almost never takes a practice swing. He is very relaxed. "Now watch him murderize it," a man may whisper to his wife, as Bayer is about to swing.

Bayer brings the club back loosely in a long, lazy arc, sometimes even past the horizontal position on the backswing, but his left foot is firmly planted on the ground. When he unloads, he scarcely seems to put any effort into the shot; in fact, he claims he seldom uses more than 75% of his potential. Still, this easy, graceful, upright swing of Bayer's can produce a clubhead speed that



SAMMAGING IN THE SUN, BIG GEORGE FOLLOWS HIS SHOT DURING A FLORIDA MATCH

may be close to the maximum that human beings are capable of delivering to a golf ball with the equipment now available. As the ball leaves the tee and recedes into the distance, the gallery exhales an appreciative "oooh."

For all the oohs and ahs, one gets the distinct feeling, after spending a little time with Bayer, that he would like to be someone else. He wouldn't tell you so, for he is not particularly given to introspection, or at least public introspection. But, as an ambitious athlete and a perfectionist, he would far rather be the best

golfer in golf—and the richest—than the game's longest hitter. In addition, he has a strong yearning for security and the good life for himself, his pretty wife Beverly and their four children.

It may be the tragedy of George Bayer that at the ripe old age of 35 he is not likely to become the world's best golfer, and at bottom his disposition may be at fault. In six years on the tour he has won only four major tournaments—the Canadian Open in 1957, the Havana International and the Mayfair Inn Open in 1958 and the St. Petersburg Open a

year ago. In between, he has had some very good rounds. He has never been consistent. This year, for instance, he started the winter tour with an admirable first-round 68 at the Los Angeles Open, but thereafter he faded back to 41st place. He turned in another fine 68 in the second round of the San Diego Open but otherwise played indifferently. He led the Lucky International at San Francisco after two brilliant rounds of 65 and 66 and ended up with a tie for second and a \$3,600 prize. On his second round at Palm Springs, Bayer shot an extraordinary 61 at Thunderbird for the lowest single-round score of the five-day tournament, but other rounds in the middle 70s dropped him into a tie for 16th. It has been this way all year.

A lot of people who know him well point out that on the golf course Bayer is not a very happy fellow, although he is as affable and friendly as can be when he isn't working. As he strides purposefully from tee to green, Bayer is lunched over as if he would like to get his distasteful task finished as quickly as possible. His big, blond, crew-cut head bobs loosely on his shoulders, and there is a frown on his craggy, sun-tanned face. His downcast pale-blue eyes seem to be trying to count every blade of grass on the fairway.

If a slow player forces him to wait, Bayer will stand in a kind of S-shaped slouch with one hand on his hip while tipping the ground impatiently with the club he holds in the other. When his turn comes to hit, he plays quickly sometimes without giving the shot sufficient mental preparation. If he strikes the ball improperly, he will talk to it while it is still in flight. "Get up there, Pierre," he may yell at the ball, waving it on with his left hand. Or if the ball takes a nasty kick in the wrong direction, Bayer will say bitterly, "Nice bounce, nice bounce."

Even the very best golfers make plenty of shots they don't like, but Bayer violates what is perhaps the very first commandment of tournament golf by letting his bad shots haunt him. In his early days on the tour, he would blow up like a pin-punctured balloon when his game went off. During the Kentucky Derby Open in 1957 he became so enmeshed with himself that he chipped the ball all the way down the 17th fairway with a seven-iron and took a score of 17 on the hole.

Bayer ended up with a 90 on that round and was given a 30-day suspension for "unsportsmanlike conduct" by the PGA, a penalty that was later reduced to a \$200 fine and 90 days' probation after he and three similar offenders apologized and promised to mind their manners. Fortunately, such temper tantrums have been outgrown, but Bayer's disgust still burns hot (and visibly) when he is playing poorly.

Despite this serious handicap, Bayer has been generously rewarded by golf. He earns considerably more than the Chief Justice of the United States, and this has enabled him to invest in stocks and real estate and a bowling alley outside Dallas, which he owns in partnership with his closest golfing companions, Julius Boros and Bill Collins.

A man of means

In 1960, the second-best year that he has had since he turned pro in 1954, Bayer ranked 19th among all the golfers on the tour, with winnings of \$24,950.55. Applying a rule of thumb that is widely accepted in the trade, it can be assumed that Bayer's total 1960 income from golf came to approximately twice this figure—between \$40,000 and \$50,000. However, he had to work extremely hard to make it. He played in 40 of the 44 tournaments on the regular PGA circuit, as many as any other pro.

"I needed to keep the money coming in," was Bayer's simple explanation of this exceptional display of endurance. "I'd made financial commitments on real estate along with my investment in the bowling alley, so I couldn't afford to knock off for a week."

The real estate Bayer was referring to was a vacant lot in one of the most select residential districts of Pasadena, a name that means wealth and prestige in the Los Angeles suburban area. Some time in the future Bayer hopes to be able to build a house on this lot, where his immediate neighbors will be the richest business and social leaders of southern California. In the meantime he lives just across the city line in South Pasadena, a smaller but still exclusive hamlet, and uses that town as his playing address on the tour.

Like most modern athletes, Bayer is deeply interested in automobiles and clothes. Having once been in the car business he can talk knowingly and at length about new models. Currently he drives a Pontiac for the logical reason that Pontiac supplies 25 of the leading

pros with new cars to drive free of charge while they are on the tour. Usually these are grayish-white sedans, but Bayer operates a station wagon which he intends to buy for his large family when the time comes for a replacement.

Because of his size, Bayer is not a man who can make clothes look especially smart, but he takes great care with his appearance and dresses in neutral colors—whites, greys, and muted shades of blue—having no urge to attract any more attention to himself than his size compels. Like all the better pros, he has arrangements with various clothing manufacturers to endorse their products in exchange for a free supply in kind. In his closet at home Bayer has 25 pairs of shoes and 42 pairs of slacks. When he travels, he takes along one suit, three pairs of shoes, a dozen shirts and 10 pairs of slacks. Each year he figures to wear out at least four pairs of size 14D Foot-Jays.

All this is very far off from the modest surroundings in Bremerton, Wash., where George Bayer was born and grew up. Even as a schoolboy Bayer was always bigger than the other kids and blessed with a wonderful coordination that made him a standout in football, basketball and baseball. After a wartime hitch in the Navy, Bayer entered the University of Washington across Puget Sound from his home. By then he weighed about the same as he does today and was just as tall, and he put in three years as an outstanding tackle on a Washington football team that was rated more for its individual stars than its group achievements. Playing the other tackle was Arnie Weinmeister, later to make a name for himself with the New York Giants. Hugh McElhenny, the All-America who went on to star with the San Francisco 49ers and who will play with the Minnesota Vikings this year, was on the team before Bayer graduated, and so was Don Heinrich, one of the best college quarterbacks of the period. After college Bayer was drafted by the Washington Redskins, but he played only a few exhibition games before turning his knee and having a salary squabble with George Preston Marshall, the contentious owner of the team. When asked how he came to quit pro football without giving it a real go, Bayer replies, "Well, you know George Preston Marshall"—as if no more need be said.

After his abortive football career, Bayer moved to California, where he became a salesman for a local Ford dealer

(continued)



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CAR OF THE YEAR



and took up amateur golf in earnest. Those were fairly paltry days for a sharp trader in cars, and Bayer managed to clear around \$10,000 by just selling 100 or so cars a year.

As his golf improved, he began to enter some of the local tournaments. At one of these in 1953 he met Bob Hope. Like everyone who played with Bayer in those days, the comedian was awed by the distance if not the accuracy of Bayer's shots. Through Hope, Bayer met Tony Penza, a pro who scouted promising young talent for the MacGregor Co., one of the leading purveyors of golfing equipment. Penza saw the potentialities in Bayer's prodigious golf shots and took a hand in persuading him to turn pro. Before another year Penza had signed Bayer to a small annual retainer as a member of the MacGregor staff and helped find him a job as a teaching assistant at a club on Long Island.

Throughout the year 1954 Bayer devoted himself to the duties of a club pro and to learning the finer points of golf.

He played in a few tournaments around the New York area with more than ordinary success and finally made up his mind to join the touring pros on a full-time basis at the start of the next season.

Bayer was an instant celebrity on the tour. Galleries were enthralled at the sight of this powerful newcomer paring the ball out of sight even though he wasn't too sure where it was going. It wasn't long before he was being invited to play in some of the exhibition matches where the big-name pros figure to pick up anywhere from \$300 to \$1,500 an appearance between tournaments. Few neophytes ever qualify for this lagniappe, but Bayer converted it into a steady income now worth between \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year.

Thus was it impressed on Bayer from the very start of his professional career that his tremendous power was his most marketable asset. On the other hand, he was not long in learning that he couldn't win much tournament prize money with his driver alone. It is a dilemma that has dogged Bayer six years, and he hasn't yet achieved the perfect solution.

When Bayer is praised for a specific reason why he hits the ball as far as he does, he will concede that the tremendous strength in his shoulders and arms and hands makes it possible for him to swing a driver that would tear the ligaments off the wrists of the average golfer. The swing weight of his club is calibrated at E-2, which is equivalent, as one pro puts it, to swinging a telegraph pole. Among the touring pros only Mike Souchak, another equally powerful former football player, is strong enough to handle such a weapon, and it is no coincidence that Souchak is the only one who can give Bayer any serious competition in a driving contest.

In mechanical terms, Bayer's great height combined with his heavy club make it possible for him to deliver the utmost in kinetic energy to a golf ball at the moment of impact. When Bayer swings, the clubhead travels through an arc some 28 to 30 feet in circumference; with the other top golfers the arc of the clubhead averages only about 20 to 22 feet.

Maybe too relaxed

Because of Bayer's effortless style, it is always surprising to see the ball take off as it does. Some pros feel that Bayer is actually too relaxed, particularly at the top of his backswing, and that if he took a firmer grip on the club at that point his shots would not be so prone to wander. Bayer, conversely, believes that you can lose a lot of power by squeezing the club. He likes to show you how his left hand, on which he never wears a glove, is completely without calluses—a rarity among golfers.

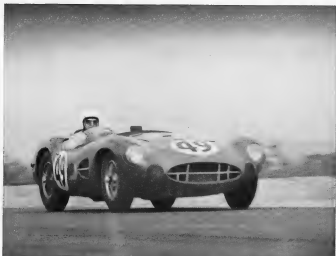
"If you grip the club too hard, it's like other things you do wrong," Bayer explains. "You squeeze a saw too hard using wood and you'll get blisters, but you won't saw the wood any better. You want to hold the golf club firm, but don't squeeze it. That'll make you all tense, and you won't swing right."

Bayer's earnings of \$9,166.46 by early May are on a level with his pace of past seasons and place him well within the first 30 players on the tour. At that rate, he won't be crowding Hogan, Seid and Palmer out of the record books, but those who have seen him hit his mammoth drives will be talking about him as long as golf is played. And whether or not it is exactly the way Bayer would wish to have done it, he will at least have found his security in the suburban comfort of Pasadena.

END



BAYER AND HIS GOOD PRO FRIEND GILL COLLINS (LEFT) FISH BETWEEN TOURNAMENTS



SPORTS CAR CHAMPION GEORGE CONSTANTINE prefers American Optical Outdoor Glasses for raceway and highway!



George Constantine wears AO Outdoor Glasses wherever possible, both for racing and everyday driving—whenever the sun is bright.

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of styles. They're sturdy and well made and, like all AO Red Dot frames, feature temple screws that stay permanently tight, won't loosen or get lost.

AO Outdoor Glasses come in three lens shades: Caliber®, a restful green; Cosmetan®, a tan; and True Color®, a neutral grey. AO Outdoor Glasses are available in every community through the Eye Care Professionals.

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Last week, after nearly three months of continuous play on 40 specially built lanes in Detroit's huge, splendidrous Cobo Hall, the American Bowling Congress wound up its 58th annual tournament with the distribution of \$462,033.50 in prize money. As befits the most prestigious event in a sport that has gained steadily in popularity ever since the 17th century Dutch

ABC OF BOWLING

first brought it to America, this year's ABC was better than ever. More than 30,000 bowlers representing 6,216 teams from 47 states turned up for a try at the big money in one of the tournament's nine different championships. The top team in the classic division—newly inaugurated this year to represent the nation's best professionals—proved to be San Francisco's Brentwood Bowl team. Its five members rolled up a combined score of 5,983 for six games, an average of 199-plus for every bowler for every game. Some of the excitement they and the other bowlers generated in the course of the play—excitement that has made bowling addicts of 30 million Americans—is made evident on these pages in color pictures taken as the tournament unfolded.

ONE OF 30,000 COMPETITORS AT THE ABC BOWLING TOURNAMENT WATCHES CRANGLIKE AS HIS BALL ROLLS TOWARD THE PIN





AT THE START, A BOWLER'S SHOE CAUTIOUSLY TOES THE MARK BEFORE WATCHFUL WARNING LIGHTS THAT STAND UNBLINKING GUARD AGAINST FOUL-LINE VIOLATIONS

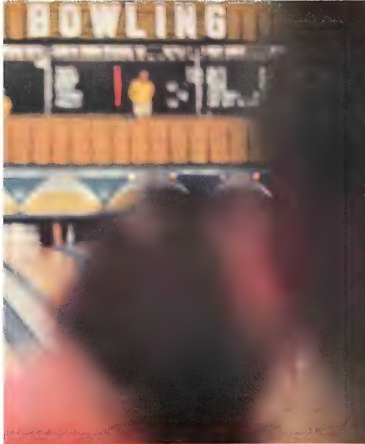


PATRIOTICALLY POISED, THE BALL RESTS FOR A PRAYERFUL MOMENT IN THE BOWLER'S HAND (ABOVE) BEFORE STARTING ITS LONELY JOURNEY DOWN THE ALLEY (RIGHT)









AT THE BACKSWING'S APOGEE, THE BALL SEEMS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN AS BOWLER AND ONLOOKERS ALIKE CONCENTRATE ON THE DEFIANTLY STOLID PINS AT THE ALLEY'S END





LIKE ULYSSES SURPRISING PENELOPE'S SUITORS, THE BALL LEAPS IN AMONG THE IDLE PINS WITH DEADLY EFFECT, CAUSING A SUDDEN EXPLOSION OF GHOSTLY ACTIVITY

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HOW TO ENJOY A TROTTING RACE

by DEL MILLER with KENNETH RUDEEN

Drawings by Bert Silverman



Harness racing drew more than 15 million patrons last year. For those who have followed it since county fair days, this is simple justice. Graceful gaited horses pulling delicately fashioned sulkies in close-quarters competition makes a charming spectacle, but one that is not always easy to understand. The strategy of driving is different from that of other horse races, if only because of the width (four feet) of the sulky. Knowing some of the techniques of driving adds greatly to the pleasure of watching. On the following pages Del Miller, the sport's finest tactician and winner of practically every major stakes, describes his own progress through a typical one-mile race on a half-mile track.



Before the race starts

Unlike Thoroughbreds, harness horses require a thorough warming up before a race because they are somewhat tougher animals. We do this (below) by first jogging them easily the "wrong" way of the track (that is, clockwise) several times and then giving them two moderately rapid short sprints, called "scoots," the "right" way. Our sulkeys (left) weigh 32 to 33 pounds, are 48 to 52 inches wide and 25 to 32 inches high at the seat. I use the narrowest, lightest sulky suitable for a particular scoter. Besides the wies, all drivers carry stop watches (left) to make periodic checks on the pace of a race.





Trotting up to the starting line

The mobile starting gate picks up the horses on the backstretch, brings them up to the starting line and then pulls away rapidly. In this race I am driving the No. 6 horse, an average, stable starter. My strategy here depends on my knowledge of the horses inside of me (positions 1 through 5). Since a number of them are fast starters, I will not try for the lead but will drop in on the rail as close to the lead as possible.



1 Saving ground in the first turn

The No. 1 and No. 3 horses race head and head for the lead. In the turn No. 3's driver sees he cannot outroll No. 1 (slapdash, right); to avoid being stuck outside ("parked out") he moves to the rail. I am satisfied to drop in behind him. I am saving ground, and I am "covered up"—that is, I have horses ahead of me, breaking the wind. All of these drawings are made from a spectator's position (X) in the stands.





2 Sparring along the backstretch

Coming out of the first turn, I notice that the lead driver is slowing the pace. This is my chance to improve my position, and I want to take it quickly. I know my horse has a good burst of speed, so I go after No. 1 before the other horses can move up alongside and box me in. No. 1 keeps me outside a short way, but I make the front O.K. At the same time, No. 5 takes advantage of my move and follows me on the outside.



4 Decision at the half

Now we're in front of the stands, and No. 4 decides to make his move. No. 1 follows No. 4. This is a critical moment for me. My chance of winning is to keep as much as possible in reserve until the final part of the race. I have already brushed my horse once. Only superhorses have more than two such bursts of speed. So I stay put on the rail, taking the risk of being stuck there. I will lose position but save ground.





3 Approaching the second turn

Since I have now "brushed" my horse—gone at top speed—for an eighth of a mile, I decide to conserve him and let No. 3 go. If I keep No. 5 parked outside too long and then let him go—a common tactical error—it'll be behind a tired horse later in the race. He might "die" and trap me as others move up. Note how No. 5 makes sure he has plenty of safety room before cutting in to avoid "interference."



5 Second trip on the backstretch

Coming up to the three-quarter mark, No. 4 is still trying desperately for the lead, but No. 5 keeps him outside. This would have happened to me, too, if I had followed No. 4. I am hemmed in, but I can see that No. 4 is tiring badly because he has been parked out for a quarter mile. My hope is that No. 4 will lose ground in the last turn, forcing No. 1 outside and leaving room for me to slip through between horses.



CONTINUED



6 Scrambling into the homestretch

Just as I hoped, No. 4 falls back as we go through the turn, where an outside horse has to cover more ground than one closer to the rail. I charge through the gap opening between No. 4 and No. 3. No. 1 has to go wide around No. 4, and No. 3 closes up the hole behind me. Thus far, No. 3 has had the easiest trip, never having challenged for the lead and staying on the rail all the way. But he must find a hole, quickly, or go far outside and lose much ground if he is to catch me in the stretch.



7 The final battle down to the wire

As the momentum of rounding the turn carries No. 5 a little wide, No. 3 gets his break. He slips in along the rail. He and I are the fastest, and the stretch drive is between No. 3 and No. 6. But No. 3's opportunity came a shade too late, and I am able to beat him. Actually, my move coming out of the very first turn was decisive. Few trotting races are won just by stretch drives; more important are the early moves a driver makes to improve position without sacrificing all his horse's energy.



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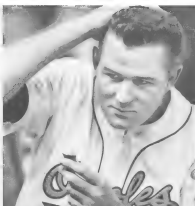
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Baltimore's quick-tempered jim-dandy

Jim Gentile is hitting home runs and winning games for the Orioles, but he may resume his war with water coolers if things go wrong



IN OR OUT OF UNIFORM, GENTILE IS ALWAYS WELL GROOMED

There is a green water cooler in the dugout of the Baltimore Orioles. Its lower half is dented and chipped from the wild kicks of frustrated hitters. Jim Gentile, however, has not paraded the machine once this season. This is a remarkable record, for Gentile is a man whose frequent fury belies the fact that his name is pronounced "gentle." "I get all nervous when Jim is angry," says his wife Carol, with a little shiver. "She knows better than to talk to me when I'm mad," Jim adds ominously.

Gentile has had very little to get mad about lately. Three weeks ago in Minnesota he hit a home run with the bases loaded in the first inning, then did it again in the second inning. Baseball is smothered in records, but no one had ever done that before. Within hours after the game Jim had a telegram from Frank Scott, the players' agent: "Talking to people," it said, promising a fresh flurry of endorsements. The Hall of Fame asked Jim for his bat. By coincidence, the Orioles will play in the annual Hall of Fame game at Coney Island this July. "I want a moment of silence when we walk by my bat," Gentile told his teammates the other day. Last week he hit his 12th home run of the season to win a game and maintain his league lead in home runs and runs batted in.

Since he hit his grand slam home run,

Gentile's fan mail has increased. Carol helps him answer it. Recently he was opening a stack of letters when he came to a greeting card. He held it at arm's length and opened it gingerly. Nothing happened. "You've got to be careful," he explained. "Last year I opened one up and something jumped out at me. Nearly scared me to death." There has also been a rash of teen-age girls at the Gentile home, seeking autographed pictures. "It's like trick or treat around here every day," says Carol, but the Gentiles enjoy it.

His reputation

The only thing they didn't enjoy about the home runs was a wine story, printed across the country, that referred to Jim's "Vero Beach reputation." Carol was indignant. "How do you think Jim's family and friends in San Francisco felt when they read that? It made it sound like Jim used to run around a lot. That 'Vero Beach reputation' started when he broke the glass water cooler, didn't it, Jim?"

"No, no," said Gentile. "It started when I threw the chair through the wall."

To Gentile, Vero Beach, the spring training camp of the Dodgers, will always be synonymous with hell. The Dodgers signed Gentile in 1952 for a \$30,000 bonus and he was quickly labeled

as the man who would someday replace Gil Hodges at first base. He was only 18, a big kid with a big swing. He swung his bat so hard, in fact, that when he missed, the backlash would hit him on the thigh. At one point the Dodgers had a special pad made to keep Gentile from hurting himself.

Jim put in five good years in the Dodger chain, averaging more than 30 home runs a year and 100 runs batted in. Each spring he would return to Vero, and the early stories would suggest that Hodges was to be switched elsewhere to make room for Gentile. But always something would happen—it didn't take much—to set Gentile brooding. "He was his own worst enemy," says one Dodger.

Spring training always had the same ending. Jim would be told the manager wanted to see him and that would mean a ticket to Pueblo or Fort Worth or Montreal. One year, after he had been told he was being sent back to the minors, he was storming through the lobby of the Dodger barracks when he bumped into Sports writer Dick Young. Young asked him why he was mad and Gentile told him. "Don't get mad now, Jim," Young said. "Get mad next year when they send you down again." Gentile was furious, but he realizes now that Young knew what his chances were of making the team.

—WALTER B.

⁴⁵ *Chicago Post-Tribune* ("That's a four more for a watch," 19).

"It's not a watch. It's a Rolex wrist chronometer."

⁴⁶cm. Looks like a watch... a good watch."

⁶⁴ 'Unak... a better watch. Had to be to get testified by the Siles Government as a chronometer.'

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⁶⁴ *Minimum And "Perpetual" Trust*.

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⁴⁴See me at any jeweler, I suppose.”⁴⁵

⁴⁴ *Wener: Chalk the best jewelers are Katsi deposits.*

⁴⁴ "How about one of those blessed houses?"

⁴⁶ "Can you buy a Wells Fargo in a discount house?"

68 李海林

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[illegible]

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Spring training of 1955 was particularly disappointing to Gensle. He had been asked by General Manager Buzzie Bavasi to attend the Dodgers' spring camp. "I had just returned from playing winner ball," says Gensle, "so I asked Buzzie if he really thought I should. He said it might help me get a Triple-A contract, so I went to Vero. It turned out it was just another instructional camp—doing pix, you know? I was at Vero from February 5 to April 5 and they raised everyone's contract but mine. So one day when I had a real bad day at bat, I got whizzed off when I got back to my room. You know the plaster walls they have in these barracks at Vero? I picked up a steel chair and threw it against the wall. One of the best series through. I had to pay for it."

Gentile's career reached a low with Spokane in 1958. By midseason he was hitting around .200 and had fewer home runs than fingers. One day he was dressed down by Goldie Holt, his manager. "I guess he thought I wasn't hustling," says Gentile. "I got mad. I remember seeing this big glass water cooler and starting to throw a punch at it. The next thing you know there's an explosion as if a bomb went off. Glass and water everywhere. First thing I thought of was the kid sitting near by, a starting pitcher, a left-hander I think. I asked him if he was all right. He was. Then I looked at my left arm. It was covered with blood."

Gentile had cut the ring finger of his left hand, and it took seven stitches to sew it up. The club wanted to dock Gentile his salary during his absence from the lineup, but Bobby Bragan, who replaced Holt the day after the incident ("I think that may have been why Goldie was mad") talked the club out of it. He also talked to Gentile and told him that if he ever wanted to make the majors, he'd better stop his temper tantrums. Gentile rallied, but his record for the season was still poor.

He was certain he'd make the major leagues in 1939. Until this time the Dodgers had always been able to send him back to the minors, but now his four options were used up. If the Dodgers didn't keep him, some other major league club would surely grab him. But here Gentile got the shock of his frustrating career. The Dodgers didn't want him and neither did any one else. Gentile spent a sobering season at St. Paul.

He did well and shortly after the end of the season, he was bought on a 30-day trial basis by Baltimore. "Get him to stop fighting himself and you got a great ballplayer," the Dodgers told General Manager Lee MacPhail. Manager Paul Richards was not enthusiastic about the deal, but he agreed to it.

Futile spring

If Gentile had tried he could not have been more futile in his first spring training with the Orioles. He did nothing right. "He reached bottom in an exhibition game just before the season started," recalls Lee MacPhail. "He finally had gotten a hit and was on second base with the winning run. Someone singled and Jim came around third to score, but he missed third and was called out," Gentile remembers the moment. "After the spring I had," he says, "I figured that was it. Toronto, here I come."

But Paul Richards works in mysterious ways, and besides, the Orioles were about as desperate for a first baseman as Gentile was to play. The day before the season began there was a lunch in Baltimore that all new players had to attend. "I hated to go," says Gentile. "I was bad copy. I knew the writers would ask me questions and what could I say?" It was during lunch that someone asked Richards who his starting first baseman would be. Jim was looking at the tablecloth when he heard Richards say, "Gentile." "What a look came over his face," remembers Bob Brown, the Orioles' traveling secretary. "You could see him tingle."

Gentile continued to tingle all season. Richards used him almost exclusively against right-handed pitchers. "I never watch games when a lefty is pitching," says Carole—and still Gentile drove in 98 runs. No runs on the team was more important in the Orioles' rise from sixth place to second. Late in the season Richards admitted that he occasionally awoke in a sweat, dreaming he had sent Gentile back to the Dodger farm system.

Baltimore got several looks at the Gentile temper last year. Once when he got tossed out of a game for disputing a third strike, he threw helmets and bats out of the dugout. "Are you crazy?" Richards yelled at him, but Gentile stormed on. "You should see him when he gets mad," says a Baltimore sports-writer. "He jumps up and down and waves his arms. He looks ridiculous."

One night Richards surprised Gentile by asking him to pinch-hit against a

Continued

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"Oh."



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ACTUAL SIZE



BASEBALL • continued

left-handed pitcher. "It caught me off guard," says Gentile. "It was the second inning, two out and no one on base. It didn't take long, two curves and a fast ball and I was back in the dugout." Gentile was so furious with Richards for making him look bad that he went to the clubhouse, dressed and phoned Carole to pick him up. "I knew he was mad and I thought he'd be breaking the rules, so I didn't do it," says Carole. Jim had to phone her several times before she came and at that she kept him waiting outside the stadium for four innings.

Despite his fine season, Gentile is not making big money. The Orioles are paying him about \$14,000 this season ("I make that much for hitting .260," other players have told him). While he would naturally like to earn more, Gentile feels satisfied since he was, after all, a rookie last year. But if he has another good season this year—and it looks as if he will—he expects to make considerably more. And he will know how to spend it.

"Money burns holes in his pocket," says Carole. Recently he went along with Gus Trueman to look at some clothes and ended up buying four custom-made suits. "I can't buy them off the rack," says Jim. "I'm 46 long, but I need it taken in at the waist. Besides, I need all the clothes I can get. Every time I get home to California I find my mother-in-law has shipped off a bunch of things to poor relations in Idaho or somewhere."

"He got on a cashmere-shirt kick once," says Carole. "Couldn't buy one. No, he had to have one in every color."

Difficult as it is for him, Gentile, with three young children to think about, is trying to save some money. He has started a trust fund into which he regularly deposits a portion of his baseball earnings. Carole holds him to it. When Jim was in the hospital last October, having some bone spurs removed from his heel, he asked Carole if his second-place World Series share \$1,500 had arrived. Carole said no. Later Jim was talking to a pal from the St. Louis Cardinals who told him that the third-place shares had been delivered weeks before. When Jim confronted Carole with this, she admitted she had put the money in the bank. Hearing this story retold recently, Gentile's face reddened with anger. He glared at his wife. Seconds passed. Then he looked at the ceiling, shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

END



ASSISTED BY A COMPASSIONATE FAN, BILL NIEDER, WHO HAD BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF THE RING, STARTS TO CLIMBER BACK IN

'Like a little lost puppet'

That is the way Bill Nieder, the Olympic shotput champion, described his desolate, bewildered frame of mind before and during the ludicrous two minutes of his first professional fight

The Alhambra Ballroom in Philadelphia was once a movie theater; now it is used chiefly for roller skating. The walls are pink, the ill-advised pink of dyed poodles, with red cutouts of cups and hearts posted here and there. From the ceiling hangs a great fringe of tinsel. As Bill Nieder, who is the Olympic shotput champion and world record holder, waited last week in a dressing room in the Alhambra for his first professional prizefight, he could hear the promises and laments of love bleating over the loudspeaker, the relative whistlings and stampings of the audience, someone yelling, "Bring on the broader!" and, as the first bout started, two violent shouts: "Kick him in da roast!" and, "A shotputta! What's a putta? Some kind a golfa?" He said later in the week: "I felt out of place; like a little lost puppet, you might say."

Nieder, who is 26, is certainly no little. He stands 6 feet 3 and weighs 216 pounds. Until he started training to be-

come a boxer a few months ago, he weighed 142. "He used to drink two-and-a-half gallons of milk a day," said W. G. Johnson, one of his managers. "It made him sluggish." "I miss my food," said Nieder, wistfully. "I can't throw down all the cake and ice cream I want. Pastries make a soft stomach." He is also, obviously, uncommonly strong. One of his hobbies is holding, at arm's length in front of his chest, a bar bell weighing 300 pounds.

Although Nieder has a cheerful disposition, in the week before the fight he was at times melancholy, apprehensive and, indeed, lost. "You're looking at a nervous boy," he said one day. "I've had more difficulty sleeping in Philadelphia than at any time in my life. Maybe it's because it's my first fight. I don't know if it is thinking about the fight or being in a fighting atmosphere. . . . I dread to go into the gym. Back home [Nieder lives in Santa Monica] I loved to go to the gym. Not that I've

lost confidence. It's not knowing. Thinking about it all the time. In the beginning of the week I was real depressed, at the bottom of the world. What am I doing in the boxing business? I'm sick of boxing, of the gym. The last two days I couldn't relax. I lay in bed with my eyes wide open. It's difficult to learn how to relax. That's the secret of all sports." Yet, at other times, Nieder carelessly insisted he was ready to fight Floyd Patterson. If Patterson had been his opponent instead of a pants pruser named Jim Wiley, the Alhambra would have been declared a disaster area.

Nieder, however, had no delusions that his size and strength would alone make him a proficient boxer. "It's not all brawn in the ring," he said judiciously. "Size doesn't necessarily mean you can hit a whole lot harder, but I think you can hit harder proportionately. Taking a New is another thing. Our heads are all about the same size."

A graduate of the University of Kansas, Nieder did not become a boxer, if, in fact, he has become one, out of economic necessity. It was, instead, a matter of ego, a compulsion to see how he would fare in the ring with his legendary

Continued

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BOXING continued

strength. There is a story that he once killed a cow with a single blow. "I'd rather not talk about that," Nieder said. "They've made me out to be the cruellest man in the world." There is also a story that he was a spirited, awesome bouncer in a San Francisco joint called The Red Garter. "I just worked the door," Nieder pleaded. "Checked ID cards." "Let's say he was a man seeking order," said W. G. Johnson, for history.

Besides boxing, Nieder has some pretensions to acting. This stems from his being taken in by a fellow who told him he had arranged for him to play Jack Dempsey in a film of Dempsey's life. "I'm one of those unfortunate people with a college education," Nieder said, "who are taken in by phony baloney." Once in Hollywood, however, he enrolled in dramatic school at the Desilu Studios. "I've played," Nieder said, "the mean detective in *Detective Story* who learns his wife had an affair with another man. I find out, fly in a rage, tell her to get out, the end. I played the lover in *Cosmo* who has been dating a woman he hadn't realized was married. I find she had been married but hadn't told me, thought her husband had been killed. I got very upset, the end. I played the stoker in *The Harry Age*. You know, a world I don't belong."

A highly paid protégé

Nieder is indulged in these endeavors by a fortuitously named outfit—J.A.B. Enterprises. J.A.B. stands for the three partners: Johnson, who says he is in "finance, merger, acquisitions and underwriting"; John Alexander, an engineer and builder; and Dr. William Boyd, an ophthalmologist. Nieder, who has signed a six-year contract with J.A.B., draws \$200 in salary a week; J.A.B., hopefully, gets 50% of his boxing earnings and 25% of his commercial wages. "He's the highest-paid protégé in history," said Johnson, proudly.

He's also no bargain, W.G. It was obvious after the fight that it should never have occurred. In fact, Jersey Joe Walcott, who trained Nieder in Philadelphia, said (again after the fight) that he told Johnson he should pull out because Nieder wasn't ready. It was true, too, that Nieder was overmatched, but perhaps that was just as well, whatever Wilky's record was. Wilky said he didn't know how many fights he had had; the Pennsylvania commission said

he had had 10, winning five, losing five; the Philadelphia newspapers variously reported it as 9-10-6 and 11-8-6; the *Wing Record Book* says 3-9-1. Certainly, Wilky didn't look like a fighter. He looked like a somewhat overweight, balding Nasser with extensive sideburns. But at the opening bell Wilky rushed tentatively across the ring into the astonished Nieder, who grabbed him about the waist, whereupon they wrestled furiously like Hercules and Antaeus for several ludicrous moments. At no time in the two minutes the fight lasted did Nieder throw a worthwhile punch, but worse still, and sadly, he had not the faintest notion how to defend himself. Whenever they untangled themselves, Wilky, who later was cheered by his buddies as "Wilky, The Giant Killer," would throw as many punches as he could. One of these, a left, floored Nieder. He bounced up at once, bewildered. In the ensuing miles Wilky hit the incredibly hapless Nieder at will, or would have but for the collisions and untangling misadventures. Finally, a right, I believe it was, sent Nieder, in his pretty white shoes, crashing through the ropes and out of the ring. He disappeared below the first row of spectators. Then he stood up, apparently a van, naked man in the crowd, and, with the good-humored support of those around him, tried to climb back into the ring. Unfortunately (or fortunately, depending on your feelings), he failed in his first attempt, like a drunk trying to climb stairs. On his second he made it but stumbled over the middle strand and went flying into the ring track as he had gone out, as though a film of the fight had been reversed. By the time he rose, the count had been completed.

"The kid got fighting heart," Wakcott announced in the dressing room, "but he shouldn't have been fighting for another three or four months." Both are indisputable statements. "The fitness of fighting I do not have," said Nieder, also indisputably. "I definitely need defense. I'm very embarrassed. I want to prove to people I'm not so terrible and clumsy. I have no one to blame but Ole Bill Nieder. But if I had not gone into boxing, I'd have never known; there would have been a frustrated feeling inside myself. I want one more fight to prove to myself this isn't a fluke. Patience and relaxation is the key. It's a matter of conquering the mind. You know, when you throw an iron ball it doesn't come back at you."

END



A HEAVYWEIGHT HUSKIE VARSITY STOKED BY SO-BOUNDED WAKE SCHMIDT SETS A FAST PACE ON SEATTLE'S LAKE WASHINGTON

Sprinting from coast to coast

Short races and long rivalries marked the meetings of the best college crews in East and West

The nation's best rowers were meeting in fast company last week as the top college crews on both sides of the continent met on lakes in Worcester, Mass. and Seattle to settle the eastern and the western sprint championships. In all, 26 college crews were involved in the varsity races: 13 on Worcester's Lake Quinimond, seven on Seattle's Lake Washington, but as far as the top contenders were concerned, the contests might have been dual meets.

In Worcester, Coach Paul Quinn's high-prestige heavyweight eight from the U.S. Naval Academy was facing the only other unbeaten crew in the East for the first time. There was little doubt who were the chief rivals in the race as Navy and Cornell headed out in a mad dash across the Worcester lake virtually alone. With only 200 meters of the short 2,000-meter course left to go, the two crews were bow to bow. Then, pulling a furious 41-strokes-to-the-minute beat, Navy pulled ahead to cross the line a mere five feet in front of its rival.

West Coast doersers, attempting to predict the results of the Western Sprints on Lake Washington, had put the University of California first, with Washington fighting off British Columbia for second place and Stanford, UCLA, Long Beach State and Oregon State trailing. As it turned out, this was pretty close to accurate—except for the winner.

Washington, traditionally a slower-stroking crew, had worked relentlessly

to lift its cadence to the flat-out frenzy required for sprint racing. "They're pulling these sprints now the way dash men run the 100," said Coach Fil Leanderson before the race. "Just go go all the time. And you've got about the same chance to recover if you goof."

On the morning of the race California Coach Jim Lemmon talked philosophically about the sport of competitive rowing. He noted a predominance of science majors and good students among college crews, possibly because the sport "appeals to the type of guy who's not afraid to work." Lemmon also likened the working of a crew to that of the hand: "My hand can't make a fist without all five fingers, and a crew can't win without support from all nine members."

Six hours later Lemmon stood before the television set in a stuffy room in Washington's boathouse and saw Washington, not California, close its hand into a fist. Slow starting in the dual meet, Washington kicked away from the mark at well over 40 strokes a minute, while Cal fought to stay abreast. Washington figured a lead at the half-way mark would hold up right through the finish, so they set the beat at a hard-driving 36 and held it there. Cal threatened to take the lead any number of times but never made it. One serious challenge came with 500 meters to go. "We were four beats up," sealed Washington Coxswain Ron Wolfkill, "and they began closing the gap. All of a sudden Schmidt, at stroke, looked over toward one of the returning fours and gave them a big grin. I pretty nearly flipped—Cal right on our neck and him that casual—I started screaming at

the top of my voice: 'sprint, sprint.'"

The Washington boat shot ahead with such force that a student told Wolfkill later, "It looked like you sat on a tank." The tack proved just sharp enough. Seconds from the finish line, Cal pulled up even and, some witnesses swear, even nudged her bow out front. But Washington drove right back in front and held on, crossing the line in 6:32.3, just two-tenths of a second ahead.

In the TV room at the starting line, where the coaches and press had gathered to watch, no one spoke for the six and a half minutes of the race. But as the leaders flashed across the line, Washington Freshman Coach John Bisset, vanity conscious three years earlier, simply let loose. He jumped on top of head coach Fil Leanderson, pounded him on the back and arms and sobbed, "Fil, Fil, you did it, you old s.o.b." Leanderson looked pleased but embarrassed, and Cal Coach Jim Lemmon looked surprised. By the stiff-lipped, undemonstrative standards of crew coaching, this was a distasteful display. Bisset hastily recovered and apologized to losing Coach Lemmon.

British Columbia stayed with the winners right to the end, but its crew obviously lacked competitive practice. The UBC season began only three weeks ago, after a full month of writing exams, and the sprints was the team's first real race. Although UBC's 1968 crew had captured a silver medal in the Olympics, only one of the returning Olympians had come out for the sport again. "Four of the fellows are married now," explained the team manager, "and the others want to improve their grades." **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A general's strategy

Talk of The General in contract bridge circles and everyone knows you are referring to General Alfred M. Gruenther, former head of NATO and now president of the American Red Cross. In the early days of contract, Gruenther—then a general only to the bridge players he ruled with supreme authority—was to be found bawling every important tournament. Nowadays he seldom has a chance to attend, but he puts in an appearance whenever he can and sometimes even manages to play a session.

To the delight of his old friends in the world of tournament bridge, he recently turned up at a national championship, played in a one-session open event and proved that he still retains the skill so much admired by his wartime bridge cronies. When the event was over, he had another trophy to add to his collection, thanks in part to his skillful handling (as South) of the deal shown below.

North-South vulnerable
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		SOUTH			
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PASS	3♠	PASS	4♠		
PASS	PASS	PASS			

Opening lead: 7 of spades

At several tables the West player opened with one heart—which made it easier for North-South to bid the game. The opening bid of one club downgraded the potential value of South's king, but the general had full value for his skip to two spades in response to partner's take-out double. Note that North would have passed a mere one-spade response, but, of course, he raised Gruenther's encouraging jump response to three spades and the general charged into game.

West had an unpleasant hand from which to lead, and the general did nothing to lighten West's task later on. He won the trump opening in his hand and led a diamond at once. West played the 7 as a come-on signal, and the king was put up. On the lead of a diamond from dummy, East hopped up with the queen to return the 10 of hearts.

Although the play of the queen seemed South's only chance to win two heart tricks, it was unthinkable that East could have the king of hearts. This was apparent because West needed that card as part of his opening bid, and also because of East's desperate effort to win the diamond lead. If East had the king of hearts, he would surely have permitted West to win the diamond trick to permit a lead through dummy's heart ace. So, wisely deciding that playing that card could not gain, Gruenther saved the queen. Later on, that queen was to save the general's contract.

Dummy won with the heart ace, then a diamond was trumped by declarer, the last trumps were extracted, and a low club was led toward dummy. West could not gain by going up with the ace, so dummy's queen held the trick. The last diamond was ruffed and now the lead of the queen of hearts saddled West with the lead at a moment when he was unable to escape without making the general a proponent of a trick. Leading the ace of clubs would establish declarer's king and insure that he lost only one club trick. But returning a heart was no better. Declarer ruffed in his hand while discarding a club from dummy. Then, after surrendering one club trick, dummy remained with two trumps to win the remaining tricks.

EXTRA TRICK

Sometimes, when there is no hope of gaining trick-winning value from one of your high cards, you can make that high card work for you by using its trick-losing value. You can later recover the trick you have lost by forcing the right opponent to lead to you when he cannot escape your pincer move.

END

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THE HERMITS OF THE SEA

Recently Author Gilbert Wheat and three friends completed a year-long cruise through the islands of the Pacific. As they moved among remote anchorages and nameless beaches of the southern islands, they encountered a strange and lonely breed of men: the "single-handers," hermits of the sea. As the name suggests, singlehanders always sail alone. They have no home port, no destination, no purpose other than to wander the oceans of the world. Wheat met his first singlehander in a harbor on the northeast tip of Guadalupe. Call him Joe—his name does not matter, for he is like all the rest. He sailed from San Diego June 10, 1959, leaving behind a wife (or ex-wife). His boat was tiny, only 20 feet long. It had no engine, no dinghy and little aboard beyond a rifle, a pocket-knife and 30 gallons of fresh water. Joe was shy and showed little interest in Wheat and his companions, even when they rowed close alongside. But after a considerable silence the man began to talk. His plans seemed almost unbelievable:

to hunt for goats on Guadalupe, then sail on to Socorro for fresh water and then to Clipperton for birds' eggs. From there he would head for Tahiti, and later, perhaps, Australia. Wherever he went he would spend no money and, hopefully, he would see no people.

Wheat and his crew met another singlehander in a bay ringed by the aere brown rocks of the Galápagos. This one—call him John—was as shy and vague as Joe. Some time ago he had left Dinner Key in Florida. His boat was a few feet longer than Joe's, it had a small gasoline engine and it towed a dinghy. Otherwise they were the same. Like Joe, he had no money and lived off the sea and the few wild animals he could find on the islands. Although his ship's stores were almost exhausted, he refused an offer of half a dozen cans of string beans. He didn't like beans, he said. Next morning he left the anchorage, heading west—course uncharted, destination unknown. The protagonist in the story that follows is an amalgam of these two men and all the other ocean-going hermits who sail the vast Pacific. It is the story of one day, but it is equally the story of all their days, for on these solitary passages there is no end to the day or to the voyage. There is only an end to life.

Continued

by GILBERT WHEAT



Fendino

Illustration by Tracy Fendino

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HERMIT'S *continued*

NOWHERE AND BEYOND

Ten degrees north and 135° west, a sailboat creaks and groans through the swells of an endless tropic sea. The hot sky forms a hard metallic shell, its horizon edges rimmed by distant thunderheads. The huge orb of the sun burns nearby in the zenith.

Northeast trade winds blow steadily against two triangular staysails hung out on either side of the boat's mainmast. An untended tiller flops back and forth. To the eye of an observer, perhaps from an airplane diverting its course to dip low in curiosity, the scene is one of desolation and suggested tragedy. No one is on deck. The boat seems to drift aimlessly downwind—coming out of nowhere, going into nowhere. It moves slowly, its wake vanishing in a few yards. But a closer look reveals signs of life aboard and a plan of travel. A sea turtle lies upside down on the foredeck waving a flipper at the sun. Two wool shirts and a blanket flap from a lifeline, drying in the wind. A glistening filament of fish-line trails aft.

It is midday. Down below a man sleeps in the boat's only bunk. His lean body stretches moist and naked on a blanket. Matted hair and an untrimmed beard cover most of his face. It is midday, but if he sleeps during the dark hours there is a chance of being run down by another boat. Though he sails now on an empty ocean, he has come by habit to rest in the day and stand his cockpit watch by night. A hermit of the sea, content to be a thousand miles from the nearest human being, he sails away from the complexities of society, and sails alone because he cannot sail with company. He is his own confidant, his own guardian, his own enemy.

The close air in the cabin mixes with the smells of kerosene, tar, putty and musty canvas. Hard bunk boards rise and fall beneath him, and his head, in sleep, rolls from side to side. Waves slosh along the thin sides of the wooden hull, sending their muted drumbeat echoes through the cabin. A one-burner stove

squawks in its gimbals, a can of beans in the food locker rolls back and forth (click, click, clunk, click, click, clunk). Overhead and forward, the turtle spouts the slosh with leathery thumps; and from high aloft come the wrenching, vibrating sounds of the rigging. But the man sleeps on, for these sounds are normal. Should the hull move through the water in a new motion, should the rigging change its tune only slightly, some inner signal will wake him.

The sun drops toward the west, sending a shaft of yellow light into the cabin. The beam crosses a rifle strapped to the overhead, its breech and barrel plugged with goose. As the boat rolls, the sun-beam moves up and down in the spare cabin, touching on a rack of charts and navigational books, a tarnished lamp on the bulkhead, a pile of folded canvas and coiled line. The beam moves over the man's face. He stirs and rouses himself from sleep.

An hour before sunset his burnt face appears at the top of the companion-way. He wears nothing but a rigged pair of dungarees cut off at the thigh. The boat still sails itself, wind and sea have come up only slightly. He goes forward and urinates over the lee rail, his bare toes gripping the gunwale, his elbows locked around the mainmast shrouds. He thinks of his greatest fear—falling overboard. For the thousandth time he imagines himself in the wake, swimming desperately after his moving boat. But, as always in his imagination, the boat sails efficiently away from him until the mast top disappears from sight.

He checks the pieces of rough canvas tied around the shawl to prevent chafing. He moves one piece of gear to a point where the two lines barely touch, knowing how easily one line, with an almost imperceptible rubbing motion, can saw the other line in half. He scans every yard of his canvas sails for pinholes, which a sudden gust of wind can expand into angry, shrieking rips. Not a shroud, not a turnbuckle escapes his attention.

The parting of a thread in strong winds, followed by the sickening crash of the mast, could deprive him of his only means of propulsion. In a matter of seconds he could be as helpless as a piece of driftwood.

Squatting in the cockpit he studies his steering compass. The boat's heading vacillates between two zero and two one zero magnetic. Things seem normal, or nearly so. He takes the tiller by hand once more and wedges himself into a corner of the cockpit.

He lives by the wind and the cloud shapes and the state of the sea. The size and curl of the waves, the increased tension on the rigging in the last hours tell him the weather will soon change. Toward the south, low clouds are growing in size and blossoming into new formations. The faint fluttering of the staysails warns of a change in wind direction. He cannot wait until wind and sea become too much for him. His boat is very small. He did not build it for speed or comfort but to withstand anything he thinks the elements can marshal against it. If he has outfitted the boat correctly, the only error will be his.

While there is time and light, he takes down the two staysails and secures a mainsail and a small storm jib. His changed rig will not work well downwind, but it will allow him to tack or head into the storm. The sky in the south turns dark and wet, and mechanically he reviews each step of his preparations. He has forgotten one thing, the open port-hole forward. He closes it, then returns to the tiller.

From his seat in the cockpit he keeps an eye on the kerosene stove in the galley under the ladder. In five minutes the pot will rattle with boiling water. He peels two potatoes, knocking off the green sprouts with his rigging knife. If the storm is just a squall, the gimballed stove will balance his boiling pot without spilling water. After the potatoes come out, there will be enough hot water for a big mug of black coffee. At midnight he will eat half a box of raisins and a chocolate bar.

His nautical almanac promises no bright moon for another five nights, so

—continued



Varsity-Town "Picture Suit" with Kodel, champion of stay-fresh fibers

Pro football star Dick Lynch has to look good off the gridiron, too. And he does in the "Picture Suit." What keeps it looking wrinkle-free is Kodel. The fabric is Pacific's "Tennessee,"[™] of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% wool.

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he will sail through a darkness lit only by stars. If the squall comes and goes quickly, leaving in its wake a dry clear sky, he will risk a cat nap before sunrise.

From a compartment in the lazaret he takes a Very pistol and removes its waterproof wrapping. He breaks it down and looks for corrosion. There is no corrosion, and he puts it back beside a sealed box of flare shells. The pistol was an unusual acquisition for him—expensive, an occupier of space, but long ago he changed his mind about having one aboard.

Sailing south from Portland along the coast of Oregon, a gale had caught him. He flew his storm trysail, a tough scrap of canvas, but the mast carried away, snapping off cleanly at deck level. It tumbled into the sea in a tangle of wire and canvas, and he had to work himself forward at the end of his safety line and part the threads with boltcutters because the broken butt end of the mast was ramming the hull. For 30 exhausting hours he fought the storm, struggling to keep his boat afloat.

Fifteen days later, drifting south, he ran out of food and water. His navigation told him he had passed the latitude of San Francisco and was in a shipping lane, and one night a passenger liner ploughed toward him through the fog. She moved slowly, sounding her foghorn at intervals. She came toward him, but suddenly he realized he was unprepared for rescue. He shouted, he pulled

off his heavy sweater and waved it. The liner thundered by, so close he could make out figures along the promenade rail. They waved at him, and he saw one man clap his hands and shake them above his head in the victory salute. But no one made a move toward rescue. The liner held course and speed, her rows of yellow lights going by like windows of a triple-decker train. Her white bows came out of the fog at him, followed by a great city of warm cabins, and her broad white stern disappeared back into the fog the same way.

Where were her lookouts? Why wasn't he on their radar? A few days later a purse seiner towed his boat into San Diego, and the fisherman told him he was a fool not to carry a flare gun. One bright flare in the sky and any landlubber would know he was in trouble.

In his log he writes his estimate of wind velocity and direction. He makes notes on the weather and estimates his course and speed since morning. Then he writes the number of days at sea. They now total 40. He keeps track of the day of the month since he must know this to punch his almanac tables. Nothing out here will remind him it is Sunday or Wednesday or the Fourth of July or the 30th of June. Hours, days, weeks weave themselves together in one long unbroken rope of time.

He also puts down his approximate position. It is only a guess, but before sunrise he will shoot stars and later plot a fix. By navigating this way, at dawn instead of dusk, he will have morning sun to light his folding chart table in the cabin. Those mornings ago, under clear conditions, he plotted a good fix from Deneb, Capella and Aldebaran. In that pre-dawn moment, when the high-magnitude stars still glowed and the dark line of the horizon first became visible, he went forward on deck with his sextant lashed to his wrist. Bracing himself against the mast, he carefully moved his mirrors to bring the points of sunlight to the horizon. He noted the altitude of each star and, with a pocket watch, the time of observation. Then, he went to the cabin, opened his books and worked slowly and painfully at his plotting board. Half an hour later three pencil

lines crossed, forming a small triangle, and with a certain pride at making no errors he drew a heavy black dot in the center of the triangle. Within a mile or two he was definitely located—in the middle of nowhere.

He is 40 days at sea, and the pencil line on his track chart comes closer and closer to the island of Eiao in the Marquesas. If he can sail his boat 35 miles a day, allowing a slow passage through the doldrums, he will sight the island in another month. No one lives on Eiao, but he will rest there and dive for reef fish and lobsters. He will kill a wild goat with his rifle. Meanwhile, in the doldrums, he can trap rain water in his cockpit awning. When food runs low he will sharpen his hunting knife and butcher the turtle. He studies the turtle's horny carapace. The oily meat can be dried, the innards trailed for bait. There will be steaks near the flippers and several days of high-protein soup from the bones and tough muscles. His turtle will rock back and forth until its day of execution, those flippers waving like the paws of some giant toy, the fourth flipper tethered to the mast. He remembers how easy it was to capture the turtle. When he first spotted it, sleeping in the sun with its round shell completely dry above water, he merely sailed the boat alongside it, ran forward to the bowsprit, and gaffed it through one of the back flippers. The turtle weighed a hundred pounds or more, and the boat heeled almost to the gunwale as he worked it aboard between the lifelines.

But now the wind hush around, blowing at him from the southeast. He tries the sheets and sails close-hauled toward the squall, through freshening wind and gradually deepening seas. He pulls in his fishline and coils the stiff wet filament into a cockpit locker. His white jib, a handful of sea-bird feathers wired to a strong hook, is still intact. He wonders if it will be worthwhile to trail turtle innards as bait. This far away from continental shelves and islands, only chance will send him a mackerel, an off-course barracuda or dolphin. But later on in the calms of the doldrums the innards might draw small brown sharks, useful enough to be gaffed and dragged aboard.

continued



The man who makes news...

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There are no birds in the sky, nor have there been for 20 days. Long ago, when he left the California coast, a thin-winged albatross had flown silent escort for him. It flew above his mast top at night and made long circling flights during the days, always coming back to him. Sometimes it landed in the swells ahead of the boat, ruffling its feathers as the slow wash of the boat rocked it. Then one day it turned back in the mid-Pacific, as though even this small boat were going too far for it.

Here the man sees nothing in the sky or on the sea. The ocean is brilliant blue, as it has been for days, but it is a dead ocean. No colloids of bay or river silt and no microorganisms deflect the sun's rays. He floats through a vacant world. The sky is still light. He opens a paperback novel and reads aloud to hear the sound of his own voice.

The squall line spreads, and he estimates the rising wind at 20 knots. But the boat drives forward, and he is not worried. The sun disappears in a flaming wash of reds and oranges; the squall clouds tumble toward him—dampier and blacker, expanding by the minute. A sudden lift in the wind picks the scud from wave tops and sends a film of spray into the cockpit. The rigging hums, the boat heels sharply to starboard and the turtle slides heavily to the lee rail, its tethered flippers pulled tight. Two hundred yards ahead a wall of slanting rain begins to flatten the sea, and the man goes forward to the mast. With quick turns around the cleat he releases the main halyard, gathers in the flapping mainsail and lashes it to the boom with three canvas stops. His beard tips bristle with salt spray, and the sea water bubbles over his feet, rushes down the lee rail and overboard through the scuppers. With the jib pulling hard and the tiller lashed amidships, he studies the onrushing squall. It is mostly rain, not wind. He decides the boat can take care of itself. He swings himself into the cabin and slides the top hatch shut. A deluge of rain falls on the boat, drumming like hubbines on the resonant cabin top. He listens to the jib flutter as the boat comes into the wind and loses way. Down in the cabin, already dank from

lack of ventilation, the man hunts with a flashlight for cabin leaks. He finds one trickle of water running into his bunk and another forward in the chain locker. He makes note of the exact places to work in mossy putty. Then, with a bar of soap, he climbs on deck to catch the last of the squall shower. The fresh water courses down his body, washing off a week's accumulation of perspiration and sticky salt crystals. Back in the cabin, still wet, he puts on a shirt for the night watch.

The squall passes. The air is murky, and scattered eddies of wind flap the sail, but the weather is clear to the south. Above him stars begin to glow. He studies the sky a while for new signs, then changes his rig back to the twin staysails. Once again the boat moves slowly southward in front of a strengthening north-east breeze. The rudder snaps and clicks without strain against its underwater blings. The two sails belly against the night sky, and the pale red light above the compass card shows the heading at two one zero.

The man fills his pipe and studies the blue smoke as it streaks forward and disappears above the cabin top. The wind blows dry and cool, and the boat sails briskly at three knots. The black-onyx night waves rise and fall and stretch out forever in front of him, and he senses, rather than observes, a new steadiness coming into the northeast wind. It is almost time to eat his potatoes and make black coffee, and after that he will have the long night ahead of him. He is at peace with time and nature.

During the coming hours his mind will touch on half-forgotten things of the past—a city, a love, a friend, a lost career. But he is not in harmony with such things. They exist for others, and in another world. Nature is his natural environment, and if he is less an observer and admirer of her beauties, it is because he is a real part of her. The wind, the sea, the sky are elements to be understood and used. The constellations of the zodiac, the romantic names of Virgo, Sagittarius, Pisces are only navigational signposts. The dawn and sunset clouds, for all their shapes and colors, are only indications of weather. The stars tell him

where he is, the wind and sea tell him what sails to set.

Most of his books tell him how to do things. They tell him about first aid, special knots and the correct way to stitch a sail. His bible is a copy of the *Sailing Directory*. It tells him what to expect at his next anchorage—fresh water, food supplies, how many natives live in the main village. Sections of the book describe weather in his ocean and when he can expect to make hurricane-free runs from one land mass to another.

Other cruising yachts, bulging with equipment and gregarious crews, meet the lonely singlehander in all the anchorages of the world. He visits people and places and tells his stories, but he ration his time with society, anxious for the simplicity of the sea. The singlehander's boat is small, and so is his pocketbook. Ashore, he works alone. He repairs and provisions his boat to suit himself. He combs the ragged waterfront for spare line, canvas and metal fittings. What he eats, what he wears are secondary to what goes into his boat. He carcases his boat on deserted beaches, propping it up in the sand with borrowed lumber. Working fast against the incoming tide, he scrapes the bottom clear of barnacles and checks his rudder. He works for no man, is responsible to no one but himself. His work is thorough.

He may sail into port bearded, thin, sick, given up for lost a hundred days before. But when his boat is ready he sails again. A few dock watchers cast him off. They wonder if anyone will ever see him again. They wonder what kind of misfortune will claim him—a leak, a sickness, a reef, a storm. He tugs fast; he seems to ask for a chance to die alone and unprotected, blotted out in some wet, howling fashion.

He pushes off from the dock and waves a shy farewell. Even before his boat clears the protective shores of the harbor it heels over in capricious winds. He trims the sheets, comes about to new tacks and at the same time unties a harbor chart. He is on his own once again. His boat may be in sight for hours, a white scrap of hull and sail growing smaller and smaller. Eventually there will be no sign of him anywhere on the horizon. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The San Francisco Giants lost three to the Dodgers, and the local Cassandreus swung into action. They panned a knowing finger at last year's record: 30-31 on the same date and an eventual fifth-place finish. Sports-writer even began questioning the tactics of Manager Alvin Dark, who removed Jose Mauer and replaced him with Stu Miller. When lefty-throwing John Roseboro worked the count to 2-0 against Miller, Dark brought in left-hander Billy O'Dell. Lou Lacerchia, temporarily resigning the *Dwight* (Walt Alton was thrown out for disrupting a play), let Roseboro hit. Roseboro homered and the Dodgers won 5-2. All was normal with the Pittsburgh Pirates. Dick Stuart was going because he was being platoonied; Bob Friend wasn't getting any runs; Rikky Fazio was wrong garage; and the club was winning the close ones. The youthful *Cassandreus* pitching staff was jittery. Jay Hook was out with mumps, and the summer was examining each other for swollen necks. Still, there was fan for the Reds, who won four, lost two. When pinch hitter Jerry Lynch complained because he didn't play regularly, the clubhouse comics made a star of old chewing gum wrappers and glued it to his cap. With durable Dick Grandall napping a sore shoulder, the Milwaukee Braves brought home hot catcher Joe Torre back from Louisville. "Get packed up," Torre's manager pointed him in the middle of the night. Manager Solly Horowitz was in trouble in his St. Louis Cardinals' borderland. Power hitters failed, runners made mistakes on the bases and go-

fers stumbled, but Horowitz wound up with a vote of confidence from Owner Gusie Busch. The Chicago Cubs beat the Cardinals twice in 5-0 games, the first on a misjudged pop-up by Daryl Spencer, the second on Ed Bouchee's first homer. Bouchee's hit stopped rumors of an impending shift of Ernie Banks to first base. Said Banks of the possible move: "This could get a man down spiritually." Robin Roberts of the Philadelphia Phillies lost another tough game (4-3 to the Pirates) and was fast being replaced by Art Mahaffey as the club's glamor boy and only box office draw.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Bracing for the flow of double-headers, the surprising Detroit Tigers displayed considerable pitching depth. Frank Lary won his 10th major league game, rookie Phil Regan was 4-0, core-armed Paul Foytack pitched his first complete game in 13 months. The Tigers lost their first series of the season at Boston, but the creditable pitching of Don Mossi and Jim Manning soothed the hurt. The Cleveland Indians (famed over the threatened retirement of Johnny Antonelli, but a pat on the back from GM Gabe Paul and a solid exhibition sent against Cincinnati) brightened Antonelli's outlook. The Yankees tripped over their reputations as they lost twice to Washington and twice to Cleveland. In one inning against the Indians, Skip Swenson surrounded two pops, dropped them both; Chico Boyer let a ball slip off his glove; and Jim Coates took a leisurely wind-up as Vic Power stole home. Back at third base, Harrison Kakebebe of



ROOKIE THRO BASEMEN Jim Woods of the Phils and Gene Leck of the Angels provided new power. Woods hit first HR, Leck two.

the Milwaukee Braves panned enough angles to go with his nine home runs and led the league with .363. Dan Debbink's two homers (one a grand slam) and Camilo Pascual's two shutouts ("Everything else is O.K. now") gave the Twins a winning week. The Baltimore Orioles won twice on the slick relief pitching of Hoyt Wilhelm (1.66 ERA) and the hitting of Jim Gentile (see page 33). The Washington Senators won five in a row (except for a Washington team since the old Senators did it in 1934) on tight pitching (league-leading 3.33 ERA) and crisp fielding. The Kansas City Athletics beat the Los Angeles Angels twice, with Manager Joe Gordon calling the shots from the press box. When Gordon went back to the bench he said: "I wanted to retire as the only undefeated pop box manager in history." Quipped GM Frank Lane (whose idea it was): "I've been managing from up there for years." Barring champion Pete Ranallo come off the bench and Jackie Jensen came out of his dump as the Boston Red Sox won three out of five. Ryne Duren of the Angels struck out four men in one inning (Roy Severn was safe when Catcher Del Rio missed his third strike) but was clattered between strikeouts as the Angels lost their seventh straight. The next day Duren rebounded again, straved both ends of a double-header against the Chicago White Sox. Said Manager Al Lopez of the White Sox: "It wasn't Duren. We just weren't hitting."

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEAGUE			
ST. Devlin	300 Hits	284 Runs	288
LA. Mauer	303 T. Bats	328 RBIs	235
P.F. Bergsli	243 On-base	241 Runs	232
CS. Keston	232 Pch	324 Runs	232
ML. Mauer	300 Bats	232 Runs	231
SL. Cunningham	277 Bats	251 Runs	234
CS. Davis	271 Bats	251 Runs	234
PH. Gonzalez	321 Clashes	334 S. G. South	344

AMERICAN LEAGUE

DET. Cash	228 Hits	215 Runs	221
DET. Trumble	244 Power	215 Power	214
ML. Keston	333 Runs	333 Runs	224
NY. Mauer	330 Bats	298 Runs	224
RAI. Bonds	303 S. Bats	292 Runs	224
SL. Sullivan	314 T. Bats	292 Runs	224
WASH. Wadsworth	276 T. Bats	292 Runs	224
PH. Mauer	322 Bats	292 Runs	224
CS. Davis	271 Bats	271 Runs	224
LA. Mauer	303 Hits	270 Wins	271

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Wash. St. (1934)	27	36	43
Wash. St. (1935)	25	33	42
Baltimore (1936)	25	34	40
Boston, St. (1937)	27	37	38
St. Louis, St. (1938)	27	37	38
St. Louis, St. (1939)	27	37	38
St. Louis, St. (1940)	27	37	38
St. Louis, St. (1941)	27	37	38

AMERICAN LEAGUE

DET. Cash	228 Hits	215 Runs	221
DET. Trumble	244 Power	215 Power	214
ML. Keston	333 Runs	333 Runs	224
NY. Mauer	330 Bats	298 Runs	224
RAI. Bonds	303 S. Bats	292 Runs	224
SL. Sullivan	314 T. Bats	292 Runs	224
WASH. Wadsworth	276 T. Bats	292 Runs	224
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LA. Mauer	303 Hits	270 Wins	271

*Based on statistics from 1934 to 1939.

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

NATIONAL LEAGUE	ERA	Wins	Losses
ST. McCaskey	1.96	23	13
LA. Mauer	1.84	23	13
PH. Lee	1.83	23	13
CS. Mauer	1.83	23	13
ML. Mauer	1.83	23	13
SL. Mauer	1.83	23	13
CS. Mauer	1.83	23	13
PH. Mauer	1.83	23	13

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CS. Davis	271 Bats	271 Runs	224
LA. Mauer	303 Hits	270 Wins	271

Based on statistics from 1934 to 1939.



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Out front in Service, too!



CITIES SERVICE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CRIME . . .

Sir:

Let's put the blame for the basketball fiasco (DISCARD, May 8) where it belongs. The "goofy men" are the players who took the money and the parents who think their coach is working them too hard because it's only a game.

I coached a Babe Ruth baseball team three years ago, and it was the most disappointing experience of my life. The majority of the kids seemed to regard playing on the team as a favor to me worth doing only as long as it did not require too much effort. They thought that winning was something that the law of averages made you do in time.

Well, what the hell is the object of any game? It is to win. I didn't ask my kids to play dirty ball. I only asked them to give the game every ounce of their brawn, skill and mental capacity during the practice sessions and games. That is something that develops pride and will to win. Playing that way is hard work and sometimes the rewards are small, but no one who does it could possibly be talked into shoving points or throwing a ball game. The only people who can keep sports honest are the people who play them.

FORREST HORNVOEL

Seattle

Sir:

A serious look at the recruiting policies and scholarship programs of our universities is in order.

JOHN A. RADENBAUGH

Lancaster, Ohio

Sir:

Would it not be better to either drop all aid to college athletes or else admit they are professionals and treat them as such?

WILLIAM F. RAMBO

Seattle

Sir:

I suggest you stick to sports and leave the moralizing to those qualified, like college presidents.

LEUT. JOSEPH W. SLOAN

Skaneateles, N.Y.

AND PUNISHMENT

Sir:

Agreed, the guilty players have wronged and deserve punishment, but why portray one "chumper" as the stereotype of all (Penance of a Player, May 8)? Aren't the other players of equal guilt? Aren't their experi-

ences from school, familial disgraces and evaluations of their own moral and ethical shortcomings punishment enough?

GEORGE L. SALINGER

Philadelphia

Sir:

The title of this article should be *Another American Tragedy*.

JOSEPH A. CONCILLO, M.D.

Gainesville, Fla.

RUSSIAN DESK

Sir:

How could you fail to cover in wider detail than *FOR THE RECORD* (May 13) the effects of the U.S. All Stars' venture into Russia? You didn't even give due credit to



VICTORIOUS ALL-STAR COACH McLEOD

the coach of this integrated unit, Johnny R. McLeod, who went to Russia already acknowledged by just about everyone as the country's top amateur basketball mentor. Not only did his team stop a much-strengthened 1940-Olympics Russian five (according to Ohio State's Jerry Lucas, who played against them both times), but they were undefeated in seven contests against the Russians and one against a Swedish team. But you can make friends by doing a piece on him real soon.

GEORGE J. DUNNORE

Cleveland

Sir:

Those rare Armenian trout that Diplomat Charles Thayer (*Long Search for a Russian Trout*, May 13) sought without luck in

Lake Sevan are named, in Armenian, *ish-kennelish*, or prince fish.

Legend has it that an ancient Armenian king once offered to swap his kingdom for a men of these succulent and special trout, and his mountaineers more than took him up on the deal.

Could be those crafty trout, still smarting from that trade in which they weren't consulted, learned their lesson well enough to trout hook, spoon or net no longer.

KARLIN MOORADIAN

Chicago

Sir:

For many years, about 40, I had been wondering what did happen to the great Jimmy Wisniewski, especially when we other former Russian coast officers and horsemen would get together and start talking about the glorious past of old Russia. And then came your most wonderful article (*Crowned the World in 80 Years*, May 8).

For us Russian horsemen in the days before the revolution the name of Wisniewski was like Shoemaker, Aramo and Longino—combined in one.

The brothers Lazareff and Leon Muntacheff, for whom Wisniewski rode, have been very good friends of my father and, of course, I knew them all personally very well. Wisniewski also rode a few horses belonging to my father, Ivan K. Davidoff, in Moscow's race track.

Don't let Jimmy ever think that he is forgotten; he was one of the greatest, and the King of all jockeys in Old Russia. We all remember him, admire him and wish him well. Thank you very much for "bringing Wisniewski back alive."

CAPTAIN K. I. DAVIDOFF

Los Angeles

PIPER'S POSTSCRIPT

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed your story, *To Atlantic City by High-speed Bus* (May 8). Phipps Piper's tale brought to mind thoughts of my father, Harvard '04, and his mother, Clara Dial was married at 51—shortly after Grandmother died.

CHARLES P. HAMILL JR.

Bellefonte, Ill.

Sir:

The letter from Phipps Piper, Harvard '14, was perfect. I am anxiously awaiting Bayard Rustin's reply.

DAVID W. LEE JR.

Providence

continued



Zodiac Sea Wolf

Perfect for skin divers
...perfect for you, the
newest Sea Wolf has
now been tested to an
amazing underwater depth
of 660 ft. It's waterproof*,
self-winding and ultra smart —
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- shockable bezel with 3 minute colorations
- large rotation blocks and hands
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ATA

19TH HOLE continued

Sir:

A correspondence much too good to let
die. Let's have more.

LOUIS B. WELLS

Riviera Beach, Fla.

CAREFUL KARTING

Sir:

If King Hussein's fiancée had been wear-
ing proper protective clothing when racing
her kart, she might not have that scar on
her hand "as the result of a crash" (*The
Royal News-Ido*, May 15).

In all organized kart races in the U.S.—
and there are over 100,000 karters—gloves
and heavy long-sleeved jackets are worn as
necessary protective equipment. Due in part
to these measures the two largest kart clubs
in the world, Go Kart Club of America and
Grand Prix Kart Club of America, have



KARTING CLOTHES: UNSAFE AND RARE

never had a fatal accident in organized
racing. In contrast, bicycling causes 400 to
500 deaths every year, yet bicycling is con-
sidered nothing but harmless fun.

THOMAS MCDONALD

New Rochelle, N.Y.

TRIPLE-CROWN GROSS

Sir:

I enjoyed your article on the chess match
(*The Young Journalist*, May 8). However,
it might have been of interest to the reader
that Borovinsk is the first man in chess his-
tory to win the world championship three
times. Alekhine and Andersen won it twice,
but all the other world champions were un-
able to regain the title even once after hav-
ing lost it in a match.

WALTER MALDEN

New York City

BLOODY GOOD

Sir:

The frank and honest story of the 83rd
Kentucky Derby as reported by your Whit-
ney writer (*The Man Who Has Absolutely
Right*, May 15) was one of the most ex-
hilarating accounts I've read.

Perhaps some of the experts would be
wiser to cop a lesson from Carry Back's
proved achievement; that many are charis-
matic regardless of breeding or status. This

Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTION

with New NP-27 Treatment

...AND THAT FUNGUS IS DEAD FOREVER!

Kills fungus under skin surface—even penetrates
into nails. Promotes growth of healthy tissue.
Fights against new infections.

Laboratory tests prove NP-27 Liquid not
only works under skin surface to kill fungus
where it breeds and spreads—but even pen-
etrates into nails. Works in vital under-
surface skin layers where ordinary remedies
cannot reach.

Using new NP-27 Liquid-Powder Treatment,
doctors in two leading clinics found that

Athlete's Foot, Ringworm and other fungus
infections, even stubborn cases, clear up
usually within two weeks, often in less than 7 days.

As part of the treatment, new NP-27 Med-
icated Powder dries the foot perspiration that
helps fungus grow, stimulates surface fungus,
softens scaled skin, guards against new in-
fections.

New NP-27 Treatment (Liquid and Medicated
Powder) guarantees effective relief—or full re-
fund from your druggist.

applier to the human race as well as the horse race.

Mya, Jack R. Woodward
Lodge Grass, Mont.

Sir:

Take a look at Carry Buck's bloodlines: nothing much in the first two generations on the male side. But his great-grand sire was Equipebe, and the sire of Equipebe was Peasant, both horses with exceptional records for speed and stamina. He also has Hyperion and Gainesborough blood. Now glance at the dam side: again nothing in the first two generations, but his dam's grand-sire was Blenheim II, and his sire was Blenheim, the great English champion. She also has Phalaris, Teddy and Sir Galahad III blood in her veins. Great Scott! Enough speed and stamina in all to take care of a dozen Thoroughbreds, and a great part of it, for reasons the breeders don't know, concentrated in little Carry Buck. Nothing perplexing about that.

KENNETH R. PRATT

San Antonio

FAVORITISM

Sir:

Congratulations on the story of Warren Spahn's second no-hitter (The *Massachusetts Milwaukie*, May 3). My nickname may indicate favoritism for another NL team, but as long as you keep printing baseball stories of either league it will be appreciated.

E. (Duke) Stearns

Fort William, Ont.

Sir:

Congratulations on Walter Bingham's great story on Lavagetto (The *San Francisco Courier*, May 15)—a masterpiece.

Sam Hartman

Minneapolis

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PAT ON THE BACK



DAVID CLARK

Little league rodeo

Every afternoon when the school bell rings in Laramie, Calif., fourth-grader David Clark runs home, slips into his Levis, dons his ten-gallon hat and heads for the old corral to practice bareback riding and calf roping. At the age of 10, this ambitious son of Rodeo Clown and Ranch Owner Gene Clark not only is one of the youngest active cowboys in the country but is also a pioneer in a brand-new sport: little league rodeo.

David joined his father's rodeo act eight years ago at the age of 2. Five years later he was winning cheers from

the crowd by riding calves out of the arena, after the grown-up cowboys had roped them. David got such a kick out of the game that his father decided to organize a full-fledged rodeo for youngsters like him. To Clark's surprise more than 80 whooping, hollering pre-teen buckaroos turned out to compete. Last month, at the third "buckarooodeo," the number of competitors had grown to 200, and Promoter Clark hopes that in future years there will be still more. As for David, all he wants is to grow up fast so he can perform in real rodeos.



THIS IS CITATION

HAVE YOU DISCOVERED THE SURPRISING SECRET OF THE SHAVE LOTION THAT WORKS?

Once upon a time men shaved... and suffered the consequences. Then along came Citation® to do the job a man's after-shave lotion was intended to do.

Splash on Citation and your face is stimulated with refreshment that's crisp and taut as a bowstring. Seconds later, you feel Citation's medications going to work with brisk and tender care. Soothing the scrapes. Healing the hurt. Buffering the burn. Soothing emollients calm and

condition angry skin. You discover the deep-down good feeling a man should experience after shaving.

Citation's secret? Rare ingredients from the four corners of the earth have been carefully selected, then matured. Actually aged in casks. The result: a crackling crisp aroma, masculine to the core. A remarkable new shave lotion that works with a brisk authority old-fashioned toiletries don't even understand. \$1.75 the flask.

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Major tournaments through July 1

MAY 25-28

"500" Festival Open Invitational, \$50,000, Speedway Golf Club, Speedway, Ind.

MAY 25-JUNE 6

National Golf Week.

JUNE 1-4

Canada Cup Matches, Donado Beach Golf Club, Donado, P.R.

Memphis Open Invitational, \$30,000, Colonial Country Club, Memphis.

LPGA Women's Western Open, Belle Meade Country Club, Nashville.

JUNE 8-9

NAIA Intercollegiate Golf Championships, Elks Country Club, Shawnee, Okla.

JUNE 8-11

LPGA Triangle Round Robin, Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle, N.Y.

JUNE 12-14

National Pee Wee Golf Championships, Rio Pinar Country Club, Orlando, Fla.

JUNE 15-17

U.S. National Open, \$60,000, Oakland Hills Club, Birmingham, Mich.

JUNE 15-18

LPGA Eastern Open, Range End Country Club, Dillsburg, Pa.

JUNE 19

Carling Cup Matches, Old Watson Country Club, St. Louis.

JUNE 20-25

Western Open, \$30,000, Blytheield Country Club, Grand Rapids, Mich.

JUNE 26

Rheingold Pro-Celebrity, \$20,000, Huntington Crescent Club, Huntington, N.Y.

JUNE 26-JULY 1

U.S. Women's Open, Baltusrol Country Club, Springfield, N.J. **END**



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SHOPWALK

Fly-fishermen gather every day at the Angler's Cove, which keeps the air of a country store in a big-city setting

The Angler's Cove is a fishing tackle store that seems somehow out of place among the skyscrapers of Manhattan. It stands at 478 Third Avenue (near 33 Street), but its atmosphere is like the old cracker barrel store in a country village. Trout fishermen meet at the Cove to exchange recent lies about such hallowed eastern trout streams as the Beaver Kill, Batten Kill, Neversink, Delaware and Exopus. They are insiders, who delight in using such terms as hackles, droppers, lie belly, leader tippets and the bucktail versus the streamer. They usually meet at the Cove during the lunch hour and are often joined by a 6-foot-4 native of Brooklyn whose booming voice and downright personality leave little doubt that he is the head man at the Cove. Bob Zwirz, a 254-pounder in whose hornlike hands a delicate fly rod looks like a toothpick, has fished with the long rod since the age of 7. At 39, the energetic Zwirz has made fishing both his business and avocation. When a fisherman comes to the Cove for an assortment of flies, Zwirz will subject him to an intensive interrogation on where, when and how he is going to fish. Zwirz then tells his own experiences on whatever streams it happens to be and, with a friendly bluntness, selects his own favorite flies for the customer.

The fly rod makes a comeback

A former advertising and public relations executive, Zwirz became a partner in the Cove in 1956 and bought it out three years later. "Glad" Zwirz, his wife (a blonde), became a fisherman when her husband planned their nine-and-a-half-month honeymoon to coincide with fishing seasons in 1955. Mrs. Zwirz, who used to be a professional singer and dancer, runs the Cove during her husband's frequent fishing excursions, and follows his example in giving customers fishing counsel, whether they ask for it or not.

Although the Cove sells equipment for spinning, surf casting and bait casting,

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Who planned it is a GenTex Rainbow Skee-Belt. You'll hardly know it's there... until you need it. The GenTex Skee-Belt is lightweight, tough, quick drying and adjustable. Keeps you comfortably free for action. Keeps you looking, too... in case you're stared. Available in Candy orange, Caper blue, Jockey yellow and Desert white. Another quality product from the GenTex Corp., 450 7th Ave., New York 1.

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Distance-free Glasshott sends the ball where you aim it... puts all your power to work! Result: a whole of a difference in your game!

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Send this Pro Shops only

it is mostly favored by the fly-fisherman, a dedicated sportsman who takes pride in his knowledge of artificial flies, leader sizes and the insect hatches on the stream he fishes. The fly rod is making a comeback in popularity with American anglers and—according to Zwirz—spinning enthusiasts are switching to fly-fishing, out of curiosity and the challenge in trying something new.

"The fly-fisherman works for his trout," Zwirz points out. "He uses a light rod, a spiderweb leader and an assortment of tiny artificial flies, and he catches fish regularly only if he is extremely well versed in technique and in patience." Rod manufacturers have taken advantage of this switch to fly-fishing and have aided the money-conscious angler by offering high quality fly rods with surprisingly live actions at a reasonable price. At least four fiberglass models costing less than \$20 are offered at the Cove.

In addition to the frail-looking fly rod, which can also be had in tokin bamboo for upward of \$70, the Cove has a colorful assortment of custom-dressed flies and clever pocket-size compartment boxes to store them in, thigh- and chest-high waders, bottled liquids to make a dry fly float and a wet fly sink, and intriguing collections of fly-tying materials ranging from Jungle Cock eyes to deer body hair.

Advice is given free

But whatever they buy, anglers go to the Cove to find out where the fishing is good. Zwirz keeps in constant touch with fishing-camp operators, guides and charter-boat captains and passes their information on to his customers. Though they have a common interest in fishing conditions, the customers are as different as a Black Grouse artificial and a Green Drake. One customer, a wealthy Boston industrialist, makes a special trip to New York each year and insists on having lunch with Zwirz before spending a small fortune on fishing gear. Another is a Manhattan garage mechanic who had to save for a year to afford one of Zwirz' custom bamboo fly rods and apologized for his "dirty appearance" when he arrived in his work clothes to buy the rod.

The Cove employs nine private fly-tiers. One, a specialist in streamer flies, is a vice-president of a Manhattan bank and ties "for relaxation." Most artificial flies sold at the Cove are copies of old English, Scottish and contemporary

continued

A&F

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Proper Bostonian and His Pug

It puzzled the fight crowd when millionaire manager Peter Fuller sent a boxer to a psychiatrist to quiet his aggressions

by JOHN HANLON

Peter Doverport Fuller confounded the boxing set in Boston not long ago by sending a fighter he manages to a psychiatrist. Fuller felt that his man was becoming alarmingly savage in the ring. Resorting to psychoanalysis to eliminate a quality widely sought in boxing would have been enough to make Fuller an enigma to fight fansiers, except for one consideration—he was one.

Fuller is, to put it in a word, atypical. As the Boston sports press regularly and accurately describes him, he is a "socialite millionaire." His father, the late Alvan T. Fuller, served two terms as governor of Massachusetts, and as a pioneer auto distributor built the family's name and fortune. Peter, at 38, is now president and general manager of the firm, the largest of its kind (Cadillac-Oldsmobile) in the country.

Fuller grew up in a luxurious, ant-stocked, five-story Beacon Street mansion. Like George Apley, he went to Milton Academy and, of course, Harvard (class of '46). At Harvard he captained the wrestling team and then took to amateur boxing. He won 59 of his 55 fights, 30 by knockout.

For nearly 10 years boxing was his life, and even now, though slightly desk-bound, married, with six children, and some nine years away from the ring, Fuller still looks like a fighter. He has wide shoulders, a blocky neck and face, prominent eyebrows over deep-set eyes, a jutting jaw and the remnants of a cauliflower on his right ear—though this last is a souvenir from wrestling.

These days he is in a number of side activities, such as land-development projects, horse and cattle breeding, Thoroughbred racing and, of course, the fight game. As often is the case with the man who has almost everything, the most difficult to obtain is the most compelling. In Fuller's case, he dearly wants a heavyweight fighter to call his own, to

manage and direct according to his own dictates and theories; he is not, as other men of means have been in "managing" fighters, a dabbler. As far as possible, Fuller is a do-it-yourself man, and he has thrown into the effort his considerable energy, talent and resources.

Fuller has established what has jocularly come to be known as the Boston area, if not yet the outlands, as The Peter Fuller Fellowship for Fighting, or sometimes simply The Fuller Fight Foundation. By either name, this is Fuller's personal grant-in-aid plan, under which he has provided, in varying degrees, board, room, tuition and laundry

to three heavyweights. Two have flunked out and lost their scholarships.

The present holder is a rough diamond of a fighter named Tom McNeeley Jr., who quit Michigan State when it dropped boxing in his sophomore year and turned pro under Fuller in July 1958. McNeeley is a strong and angry man of 24, and he has won all 22 of his pro fights, 17 by knockout. He is now, in Fuller's view, in the junior year of a four-year course that will lead to the degree of heavyweight champion. McNeeley is one of several fighters who have ambitions for a title bout with Floyd Patterson.

Under the terms of the fellowship, Fuller guarantees McNeeley not less than \$60 a week, against purses earned. Fuller pays all training expenses, and the two split the gross purses 50-50. Most states do not allow a manager the 50-50

Continued



PETER FULLER GLENCHES FISTS ANGRIOUSLY WHEN HE WATCHES MCNEELEY FIGHT

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Bostonian Manager *endured*

split, but Fuller was able to have the Massachusetts Boxing Commission legalize the arrangement because, as he explained it straightforwardly: "They knew of me. They felt it was a contract to the advantage of the fighter, and they knew I wouldn't dump in the one area where skimping was possible—training expenses."

He has not. If anything, his assistance to McNeeley has been remarkably more lavish than that of many managers, as a sampling of the bills borne by Fuller tend to indicate.

Item: Coming-out reception for McNeeley, on the occasion of his turning pro, at Boston's venerable Parker House. Cost \$204.89.

Item: Personal sparring partners. Cost (21-month period) \$2,215.40.

Item: Midwinter training and recuperation trip to Florida, accompanied by trainer, after McNeeley suffered broken finger. Cost \$1,008.37.

Item: Psychoanalysis for McNeeley, to probe cause of his booziness in ring, four sessions. Cost \$200.

These and other items add up. And even though McNeeley some 16 months ago passed the break-even point in earnings and no longer needs the weekly guarantee, Fuller continues to pay for the best for his man.

"For the first 21 months," Fuller said, "before Tom's first big purse against Willi Bessanooff, I figured I was in the hole about \$15,000 for Tom's expenses. It's about the same now." He thought about this for a few seconds and then added: "I estimate the upkeep of one of my race horses for a year is \$5,000."

This sort of financing is a puzzle to the fight crowd, but Fuller is sure his money is well spent.

"The \$60 for Tom wasn't especially liberal on my part," Peter told an acquaintance a short time ago. "And Tom will have to be right up close to the top before it would be lucrative for me. But that's not the idea. I want a good heavyweight. Tom wants to be a good fighter and earn money. My participation frees him for the try; he has no financial worries staring out. There's none of this business of his having to work all day and being too tired to train. I, in return, know where he is and what he's doing. But people hear of our arrangement, and now everyone wants to fight for me. Hell, I don't want that. I'm not going to pay the bills for

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everyone who thinks he wants to be a fighter."

Fuller is aware that he is an incongruity (it is possible that he is the only manager in the business who can use the word and spell it). "Sportswriters always did bring up the incongruity of it," he said. "I'd read, 'Fuller's chauffeur dropped him off at the gym, and so-and-so took the trolley to get there.' Well, that never happened. I realize that boxing people are always looking for an angle, but there is no angle. It's really simple. As a child, I had a stomach ailment that left me with a little pot belly, and I excused to get it off. I used to dream of growing up to be a strong man. When I was 14 my father took me to see Joe Louis fight. I was caught. My interest in boxing grew because I wanted it to: it was always something terrible to me.

"Look," he went on. "When I stepped into the ring, the other man and I were equals. My name earned me nothing. If anything, my opponents probably tried harder to beat me because of it—and Harvard and all. In an AAU tournament I had to fight a man named Perry Sykes—huge, strong, 218 pounds—and I was nervous. When I entered the ring I heard just one voice, from the balcony, saying in that singsong sort of way: 'You're going to get it now, Fuller, you Harvard son of a bitch.' It just made me try harder." He paused and then said, "I'm sorry to say there's no storybook ending. Sykes did give it to me."

In the early days with McNesley, Fuller boxed with him. This soon came to a halt because Torn began to baby his punches with the boss-tutor. And Fuller's wife Joan discreetly pointed out that possibly Peter was underpricing his net worth by taking on duties usually assumed by a \$25-a-day sparring partner. Now Fuller concerns himself with the standard managerial tasks, including working the corner at McNesley's fights. He is the third man, along with Trainer Jackie Martin and a New York fight man, Al Braverman.

Both agree that Peter carries his full share of the load. For instance, after McNesley had defeated Will Bernieroff in his first bout of more than six rounds, Braverman in the dressing room issued that it was a pep talk by Fuller that had carried Torn through.

"All the kid kept asking," Braverman said, "was, 'What round is it?' In the sixth Peter finally says to him, 'Now you just forget about the round, and you start to shape up. Snap your jab. That's

(continued on p. 52)

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Bostonian Manager *continued*

your best punch tonight. And shape up." Now maybe Peter doesn't want me to tell about that, but that's what really turned the tide."

Fuller, obviously pleased that Braverman had told it, said quietly, "Well, I have to do something to earn my money, don't I?"

If a title bout with Patterson were arranged (it has long been a dream of Sam Silverman's), Fuller would be faced with a tricky problem of ideals versus reality. The proposal is that the match should take place in September—and in Boston, naturally. But it would be well ahead of Fuller's theoretical schedule for his boy; it would be getting the degree before the requirements of the curriculum were met. But dear as his theories are to him, Fuller—so these close to him believe—is no such doctrinaire as to turn a chance at the title down. He would consider a match with Patterson a gamble but a gamble well worth the taking.

Fuller will travel practically anywhere to see a heavyweight fight. According to Sam Silverman, the Boston promoter, Fuller has a greater firsthand knowledge of the heavyweight crop than anyone else in the game, and he has the reputation of being an excellent judge of what he sees. But he made one grand gaffe,

back in his own fighting days. Rocky Marciano was a contemporary of his in the amateurs, and Fuller was approached to stake Rocky to \$1,000 to make a try as a professional. Fuller refused. When he was asked for his reason he said: "Why, I can beat him myself."

Since then, his judgment has improved. Now Fuller believes he has found in McNeeley a tiger who may be the equal of Marciano. For a time, in fact, McNeeley was even too tigrish for Fuller.

McNeeley's first professional fight was with Richie Norton at the Norwood Arena outside Boston in 1938. He carried on like a character in a prizefight melodrama on the *Love Love Show*, even to the dialogue, which was passionately spoken but only so-so in literary quality. According to one reporter, McNeeley charged out of his dressing room as soon as he was told that he was on next, sprinted all the way to the ring, leaped over the ropes, struck the classic bare-knuckle attitude of a boxer in an old tiztype, and growled: "Lemme at him!" It doesn't sound like much of a script, but the effect on ringside observers was satelotory from a production point of view. Richie Norton, one observer reported, stared unbelievably at McNeeley from his corner and asked his handlers: "He mad at me?" Fuller



MCNEELEY IS USHERED TO HIS CORNER BY FULLER AFTER DEFEATING BESHANOFF

persuaded McNeely to go to his corner and wait for the formality of the bell before tearing into his opponent. Tom showed in the fight itself that he was capable of more than mere psychological warfare. He defeated Norton in two rounds. Fuller was pleased, of course, but alarmed by McNeely's behavior, which he thought overemotional. He didn't like to see his fighter using up energy with all that running; and while he was happy that Tom was eager to win, he knew from his own ring experience that eagerness alone couldn't do it and could seriously interfere with skill and a wise use of natural strength. In later fights, McNeely—despite Fuller's admonitions—sometimes resorted to such flourishes, better suited to the stage than the ring. He has the looks for it, being a blond 6-footer, a Golden Boy with a crew cut, the youthful face as yet undamaged by blows. Last fall he added another storybook touch to his career by marrying Nancy Gray, a beauty contestant who was Miss New Hampshire in 1959 and a finalist in the Miss Universe competition.

We tried to slug the referee

"Tom showed me a couple of things in the ring," Peter said, "that were among the worst I've ever seen. Once, against Charley Lopes, he hit him when he was on one knee, and also tried to slug the referee. It was awful.

"Another time, fighting Lou Jones in New York, Tom butted him—like a bull—with his head. So we had been warned officially on two occasions. I also didn't like the wild-eyed look Tom would get. I thought I'd have a psychiatrist tell me what I had here. Naturally, the fight crowd got a kick out of it. And, of course, Tom, when I mentioned it to him, said: 'What's the matter? You think I'm crazy?' I told him it was nothing of the sort, that I appreciated his tremendous desire to win but that he had to do it within the framework of the rules and that I just wanted to be sure there wasn't anything that would give us trouble later on.

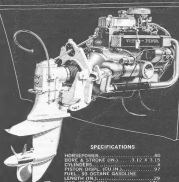
"Well, he went, and I think now he's glad he did. We found that Tom is capable of violent anger and that he has a tremendous aggressive drive. I laid him off for four months and when he came back he was much better. Just talking about it may have helped him. I hope so."

Probably the major contribution that Fuller is making to the McNeely cause—

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Bostonian Manager continued

and just possibly to boxing in general—comes in his dealings with promoters. In this phase of managerial work he is at his best, bringing to bear his considerable business savvy as well as some ideas and attitudes that are bewildering to promoters.

"Peter," said Sam Silverman, "has some kind of complex. He thinks promoters are trying to take advantage of him."

"Promoters take Peter for a sucker," said Al Braverman, who handles much of Fuller's New York fight business. "They think he's some kind of millionaire jerk playboy. Believe me, they make a mistake."

"Some promoters," Fuller told an acquaintance, "think I've got a psychosis about 'being taken.' 'A class guy,' they say, but sometimes I think that's their synonym for 'jerk.' I only wish I was as they make me out to be. But it's just this: I try to make the best deal I can—for Tom or for my business."

"I'm wary of promoters, but I'm not mad at them, as some of them think. Their job is to push me up fast. My job is not to let them. I mean, no big buildup deals. I don't want any simple fights for Tom. If I thought they were trying to give us one, I wouldn't take it. I do think I should take increasingly tougher opponents, but we are not going to rush. It takes four years to graduate from college, so why shouldn't it take that long to learn to be a good fighter?"

Fuller's idea of orderly progression and absence of haste has recently put him in conflict with the Massachusetts Boxing Commission. Fuller, in keeping with his statement of policy, has brought to Boston three "opponents" for McNeeley—Turney Hansaker from West Virginia, Ulli Ritter from Germany and Kitone Lave from Tonga. All three were partly crushed by McNeeley. When, late in March, Fuller proposed one Robert Duquesne of France as McNeeley's next "opponent," the commission balked. Three stiff rejections, the commission said in effect, and Duquesne was not a "fair test" for McNeeley, who now is the sixth-ranked heavyweight, according to *The Ring* Magazine.

Hearings were held, and Fuller pleaded his case eloquently, but the commission ruled by a split decision against Duquesne. Fuller has since threatened to base McNeeley in a city more appen-

dant of his and his fighter's talents, but probably won't go through with it.

In all arrangements he makes for McNeeley, Fuller is badgered by his own status as compared with McNeeley's and by an acute sense of responsibility toward Tom.

"My first job is to make money for Tom," he said. "I don't ever want anyone to be able to say that this half-baked sap from Harvard took over a fighter for the publicity he could get out of it and then the kid ends up with nothing. For Tom I am interested in a winning record. I am interested in his health. I am interested in his going ahead, with no funny business along the way. And I'm interested, again, in seeing that he has a healthy bank account. I am damn greedy about all these things for Tom."

It means something to have means

Fuller has been asked if he ever considers the fact that he, as a man of wealth and position, could talk this way about what he would do and would not do with a fighter, whereas another manager, grubbing along, might feel the same way but not have the means to follow through.

"I think a lot about that," Fuller said, "and I remember a story my father told me. He went to Congress in 1917 as an independent. He voted on several issues completely the way he wanted to, and he was rather proud of the independent stand he had taken. Not long afterward he was back home and he met a ward politician, an Irishman from south Boston, and this man said to my father: 'Don't get a swollen head just because you can afford to vote the way you want to.' There was a lot to that, and I have never forgotten what was in back of it."

And he has been asked: Suppose that McNeeley actually is in line for a title bout with Patterson, and someone in boxing wants to make an "arrangement" to move in. What then?

"I'd go to Tom," Fuller said, "and I'd tell him, 'So-and-so says we have to cut him in, or there'll be no title fight.' Then I'd say, 'Look, we've played it straight this far, and we're going to play it straight the rest of the way. Maybe we'll lose out on a chance at the title, but that's the way it's going to be.'"

"With me," Fuller said, "it can't be any other way. There's too much at stake. Whatever the name Fuller stands for came hard. The standing means too much for anything like that." **END**



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